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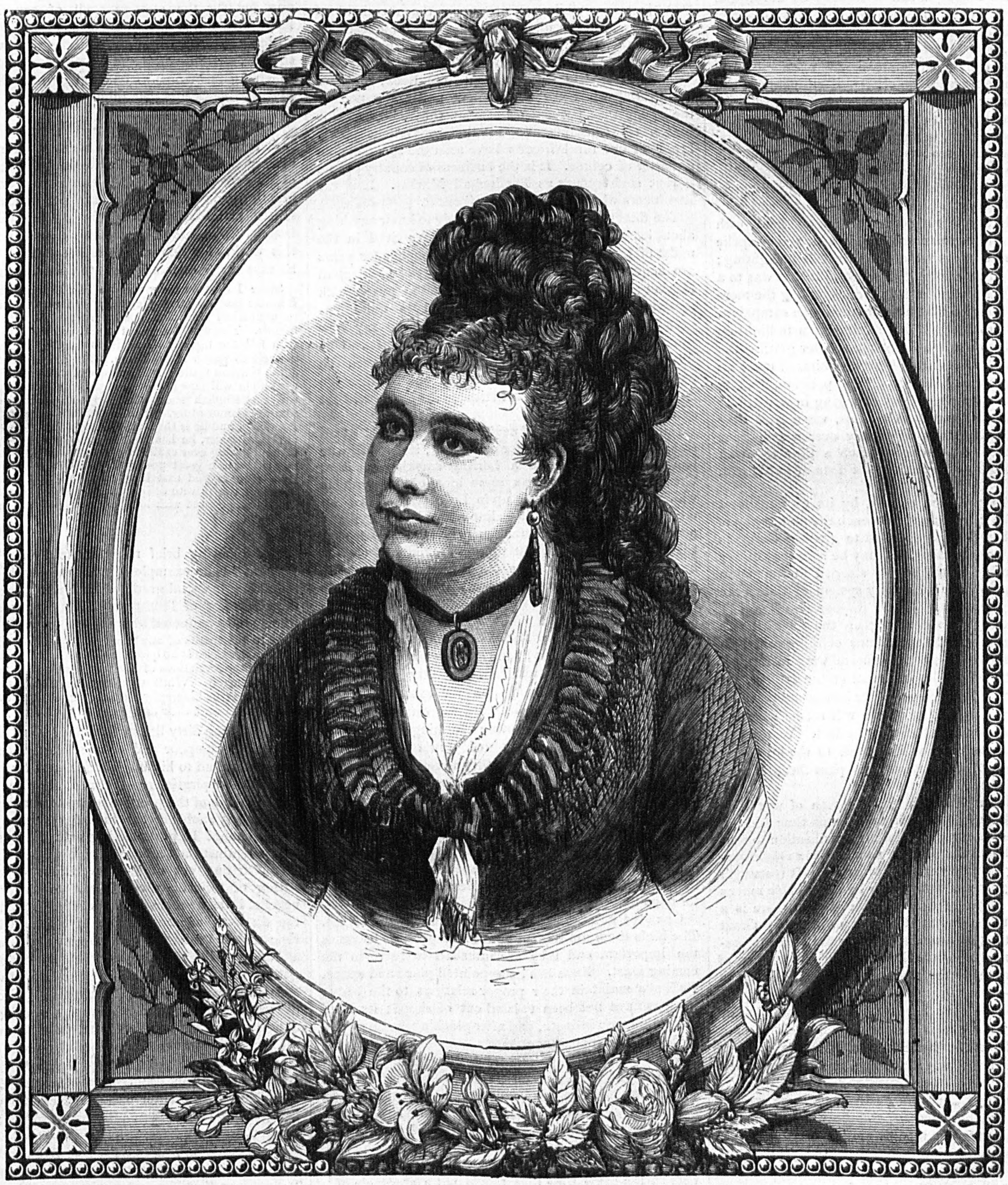


MRS. CHARLES VINER.

THE CHANGE.

A HEAVY hand has been lifted from the heart of civilisation since last Christmas Day. While the bells were ringing in the festival from fifty thousand churches twelve months ago, war had done its worst in the very centre of Europe, and the fingers of the victor were set fast in the throat of the vanquished. Paris was bound round with a bond of bitterness and enmity. Her people were starving, and could only, by dint of extraordinary ingenuity, make their wail heard in the outer world. In the midst of the summer the war-note had been sounded; in the deadness of a bitter winter the end had come. The world waited to know how long the suffering could endure their woes before they cried Enough.

This is past. Events move quickly in these days; and though the siege of Paris was not yet over last Christmas, and though the German occupation and all that followed it forms a long and awful story, the incidents of the time, the dread catastrophes, the fearful crimes and disasters have so far completed their round that it is difficult now, on the moment of retrospect, to believe that the siege was not yet raised last Christmas Day, and that the whole of the after tragedy in Paris has been enacted since.

Never, perhaps, in the history of war did so many men reflect upon the cruel and unnatural character of such struggles among civilised nations as during the conflict which raged between France and Germany and came to an end only in this present year. In this country, most certainly to an unexampled extent, did the conviction force itself upon people's minds that once for all these chartered outbursts of the spirit of murder ought to cease. That, too, was the feeling not among other neutrals only, but for a time, during the war itself, in the ranks of the combatants. The most striking reports of the existence of this feeling were those given by M. About in the *Soir* during the two or three weeks up to the time of France's first great defeat. That brilliant and picturesque writer related conversations he held with both French and German soldiers, in which they spoke with the utmost contempt of the principle of fighting; and there is good reason to believe that that was to a large extent the feeling in both armies among the more thoughtful of the men at the beginning of the campaign. The course of events put these sentiments to flight on both sides. How could a Frenchman, after getting the worst of it, and while he was nerving himself up to an effort of revenge and recovery of lost position, indulge in speculations upon the folly of engaging in war at all? And was it likely that the Germans, when once they had tasted of the fruits of victory over a somewhat vainglorious foe, would choose such a time to dwell upon the absurdity of entering the lists of battle with France?

No, it is the province of war, by its own inherent action upon the combatants, to quench the philosophy of peace; and though we are asked to give the Germans credit for pacific intentions, we may be sure that to-day the two nations most thoroughly steeped in the notion of war as a part of the necessary system of things are Germany and France.

We can hardly help counting up the odds at this Christmas season—at the recurrence of this great Festival of Peace—with regard to future wars in Europe, and the growth of public sentiment on the subject. It is with a most profound feeling of relief that all thinking men among us this Christmastide will reflect upon the fact that the season is not as was the last. What hope shall we entertain that it will not fall to the lot of any one of us, the old or the young, to pass through such another festal time?

We have not much faith in the lesson of war itself upon the combatants. It will take much time and the healing influences of reason and high civilisation to render the French and the German populations as little warlike in feeling as they were two years ago. It rests with the remaining nations to intensify by all possible means the influence of pacific ideas. We believe there is a work to be taken in hand sooner or later by Great Britain: the task of rendering war for the future impossible. The results of the last war, in the matter of territory—in spite of the arguments of the Germans to the contrary—are against the interests of peace in the future. It will be very hard to bring France into any pacific bond while she is suffering from the loss of a part of her domain. Nevertheless, it is the problem of the future to forbid war in Europe, and England must lead the van.

During this great Christian Festival, while we express our deep thankfulness for the change which has come over Europe since twelve months ago, it may be well if many of us turn over within our minds the possibilities of this great task of the future. For the world is governed after all by the thoughts of men.

THE mail news from Rio Janeiro to the 20th November reports some unimportant disturbances caused by the medical students forcing their way into the Examination Hall.

Good value for money is desired by all, hence the great demand for Horniman's Pure Tea—uniformly strong, wholesome, and truly cheap. Sold in packets by 2,538 Agents; Chemists, Confectioners, &c. [538

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Among the Birds.

NOT the birds in the cover. Ours is no shooting expedition. A pheasant on the wing or a pheasant on the bough—a black disc against the sky seen between the leafless branches—is a sight which affords, there can be no doubt, intense delight; but this would have nothing whatever to do with Our London Note Book. Neither have we anything to say just now about the merry songsters of spring. That is, indeed, an idea afar off. It is not long since we were gossiping in these columns about umbrageous woods, grass and flowers, brooks and nightingales, linnets and larks—yet somehow a wide black gulf seems to separate us from those hours. We can hardly believe to-day that such times have been within a period that is counted in weeks. We are never astonished, of course, but there is really nothing more remarkable in all our experience than that depth of contrast between summer and winter which changes us islanders, so far as all our outward lives are concerned, into totally different beings. This is not the moment, however, to moralise over the loss of summer. We do that in November; while in January and February we look forward and pine for the coming spring: but in the last weeks of December we have something else to employ our thoughts upon. Who would dare to openly long for the forthcoming summer, or to deplore the one that is gone, while we are upon the threshold of Christmas, or in the midst of the incomparable festival?

The birds, then, which occupied our thoughts when we began this chapter, are those of Leadenhall Market. There is a subject for a London Note Book, could we but grow graphic for the moment and really portray the scene that impresses itself on the senses at this season of Christmastide in that marvellous place. Many of our rural friends have seen the spectacle, as a matter of course. It is the business of country people to visit such scenes as Leadenhall Market. It is the Londoners who know very little about it.

The difficulty is, indeed, for anybody to know anything about it. It may be that they who have lived in the midst of those turkeys and geese and capons for years are acquainted with the ins and the outs of Leadenhall Market; but if they are, they must be gifted with remarkable topographical powers. It is quite impossible for any stranger to be able to say how great a proportion of the place he has inspected. One thing he knows for certain, that he has not seen the whole of it; not because of its extent, but because the market is a labyrinth, and constructed absolutely without system.

But what a spectacle of poultry and game, and of all small animals and birds for our eating, it is! He who has ever looked inside a herring smoking-house at Great Yarmouth may form some idea of the mode in which turkeys are strung up in Leadenhall. In symmetrical rows, line after line, line above line, they hang overhead in all the inner sanctuaries of the stall-keepers, till whoever looks straight up sees a ceiling of crested heads. They project from the rafters above like the stalactites in a mysterious cave. It is marvellous to reflect how all the work of plucking these birds and preparing them in this plump fashion, and suspending them overhead, is performed. It looks like labour enough for a whole factory of "hands;" but it is consoling to any one who has witnessed the treatment of poultry in some provincial towns—say Birmingham for example, where the dealers ought to be indicted for cruelty to dead animals. Those who provide Birmingham Market with its Christmas stock of fowls throw the hapless creatures about as if they were marine stores. Out of the great hampers, where the birds appear to have been cast in *en masse* and stamped down for economy of packing, the dealers take them, one in each hand, sometimes by the neck, sometimes by the leg, sometimes by the wing, and cast them over on to the pavement in counting them, and there lie the wretched things sprawling, like dead pups out of a river, unfit, apparently, for dogs to feed on.

One sees nothing of this kind at Leadenhall Market. The birds there are treated with all respect, as becomes the important end they are intended to serve in the coming feast. Each has its appointed place and space. Its limbs maintain their proper relations to the body; its legs have not been twisted out of shape; its head maintains even in death, and after plucking, some regard to decency of appearance.

We suppose this poultry and this game is mostly English, and what an idea does it convey of the vast productive power of the country in a department even that is not generally regarded as profitable! Of course one looks upon this spectacle with a full recollection of all the stock of similar character to be seen elsewhere in London and in the country; and one remembers at the same time that this is not a spectacle of a day only—to be and then to pass away—but a store to be continually replenished for weeks and months. It is the vastness of this stock that suggests all the other shows of poultry of the time, and sets the spectator wondering how we can keep on providing such numberless stocks of birds, and how the people are to be found to eat them, seeing that poultry is almost an unknown dainty among the millions of the working population.

One might soon get weary of looking upon the endless hordes of fat ducks, geese, turkeys, and chickens if there were no variety upon the long strings of them that flank and double upon each other; but irrespective of this feature the place is full of entertaining details. Here goes on the plucking at a great rate; there certain operations which result in the production of "giblets." The next stall is full of pens of live poultry, clucking and crowing, varied by fancy rabbits, guinea pigs, dogs, pups, and now and then a cat in a cage, full of domesticity, thankful for any notice taken of her. Then we come upon a stall hung round with deer, whole from the slaughter-house and with their skins on; their time for being cooked and served is not yet. Another stall is loaded with venison in its proper joints, some well enough kept to satisfy the most exacting cook. But these scenes are more quickly exhausted than those where numberless races of fancy birds are hung out in feather or laid out trussed and prepared for the table. Many of these, of course, are not larger than sparrows or larks, and some, we need not say, are among the choicest delicacies of the winter's table. How curiously does this spectacle remind us of something indeed afar off, of the singing birds of the wood in the leafy time which for awhile is dead and gone and would seem impossible of restoration but for the strange spell of experience which has been granted us in this curious world.

It is indeed a curious world to the man who chooses such a time to think of and speculate upon it as that in which he is loafing and mooning through Leadenhall Market about Christmas time.

A Coming Picture.

A few weeks ago we gave a cutting from a London correspondent's letter furnishing an interesting account of a visit to the studio of Mr. D. Rossetti, where a great painting was on the easel, but not at that time permitted to be seen even by the painter's most intimate friends. The same writer states now that he has seen this work, of which so much is expected. This is all he says of it, but it will serve to whet curiosity:—

> Since I described my visit to Mr. Dante Rossetti's studio, I have seen the great picture, which at that time, being in an unfinished state, was concealed from the view of critics and friends. This much-talked-of painting is "A Vision of Dante," with full life figures, displaying exquisite taste in design and marvellous power in execution. The picture is to be exhibited at the German Gallery in Bond-street, and I am glad to see that the public will now have an opportunity of seeing the work of the great English master of the pre-Raphaelite school. From some reason or other, Mr. Rossetti has never exhibited at the Academy, and he is therefore unknown as a painter. In artistic circles, however, he has long been known as a great painter without having ever exhibited, just as he was recognised in literary circles as a great poet before he ever published his poetry. I am glad to find that it will be no longer necessary to have access to the private collections of the aristocracy in order to become acquainted with Mr. Rossetti's merits as a painter.

Caste.

The following brief reference to Forster's "Life of Dickens" is an example of the vicious style of criticism in relation to social grade which tends so much to lower the character of literature. It is by the same writer whom we have quoted above:—

> As to the merits of any work from so able a biographer as Mr. Forster there is no question; but I have heard it repeatedly said that the revelations of Dickens's early life are unnecessary, and injudicious. While some say that such revelations are essential to true biography, others maintain that even great men ought not to wash their dirty linen in public.

What is the dirty linen referred to? Is it that Dickens as a child was poor and endured a great deal that was wholly unsuited to his constitution and a violence upon his natural aspirations? If that is dirty linen, then so is the whole life of the poor; and we can conceive nothing more utterly snobbish than the suggestion.

We cannot help protesting with all possible vehemence against the tendency which we perceive here and there, arising out of the revelations concerning the author of "Dombey and Son," to decry the great novelist in some more or less covert fashion because of the discovery we have made of his association for a time with the misfortune of poverty and low life. It is a bad sign of the times. We had hoped we were getting past the era of those sentiments. We have had even the *Daily Telegraph* patronising Dickens since the issue of this volume of biography, lauding his genius, and then adding in effect that, poor fellow, after all, his sympathies were confined to the lower classes and he was not able to paint a "gentleman."

This style of talk concerning Dickens seems to us intolerable. The creator of Little Nell, above all men, brought into literature no taint from low life; and he, of all men, was not discredited in the smallest degree by the sort of life he passed through. If we understand the symbolical meaning of the not very pleasant phrase "dirty linen," we do not perceive any of that commodity in the first volume of Mr. Forster's biographical work; and as to painting a "gentleman," Mr. Dickens was, as an artist, above all things an observer, and he set down what he saw. His characters in high life are quite as true as those in low life to the originals he had before him, and not a whit more exaggerated.

COUNTRY LIFE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PORTRAITS of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales have been reprinted and published in very large numbers within the last fortnight. They are conspicuous in the shop windows and people crowd round to look at them as though the heir to the throne were a stranger recently brought into public notice by some remarkable event.

There is nothing at all unreasonable in this renewed interest in artificial presentments of the Prince who was so recently at death's door and has been almost miraculously spared to the country, and nothing is more natural than that the popular demand should be supplied. Since the Royal marriage in 1863, we do not suppose so many portraits of the Prince of Wales have been sold within the same number of days as have met with purchasers since the memorable 14th of December, when the nation was gratified with the news that a change for the better was discernible in the Prince's condition. Some charges of sensationalism have been made against a portion of the daily press, which have been accused of utilising the public excitement in a manner not quite consistent with good feeling, in order to make capital out of the dangerous state in which the Prince lay. We hardly know what to say as to the degree in which these remarks have been justified. The people must have news, and it is very difficult to draw the line as to the method in which they shall be supplied with the intelligence they want. But this we may say, that the tendency to minister to public interest by displaying portraits in picture shops did not manifest itself while, hour by hour, we could not tell that the worst possible news might not arrive. Throughout those anxious days there was, we think we may say, hardly an instance of bad taste or improper feeling exhibited by the general public, and we do not think a portrait of His Royal Highness in the full bloom of health and vigour, set in a conspicuous place in the public streets, would have been thought a fitting thing until the people began to breathe freely again on the subject of the Prince's probable recovery.

These portraits have led us into a train of reminiscences of the Prince of Wales, and our recollections of him are mainly associated with country life. If there is interest just now in a likeness, why not in such mental impressions as the circumstances of the day serve to revive?

Among the most pleasant of the remembrances we are able to recall are those connected with the Prince's first visit to Cambridge after his marriage. A large number of our readers know Cambridge, and some of them will recollect the scenes which have been brought back to our mind. The reception of the Prince and Princess in the classic borough where His Royal Highness finished his scholastic career was an event never to be forgotten for its brilliancy and its spirit; but we must not dwell upon those pleasant details. It is the impression of the Prince and Princess there and then made upon our minds, under very favourable opportunities for forming a judgment, that we are more interested in trying to realise to-day; for besides seeing His Royal Highness again and again under many different circumstances during his stay, we saw then the Princess for the first time, and the Prince for the first time after his marriage, which had taken place then not much more than twelve months. It is difficult, after having had other occasions of studying the character of the Prince from his appearance and manner, to go back to that impression, and we would avoid the difficulty by quoting what we wrote at the time, were it not that that contribution to contemporary literature has passed so utterly into oblivion that it is not now in our power to reproduce it as it stood.

The Prince was then but three-and-twenty years of age, and seemed young even for his years. In some respects he was almost boyish. He was boyish in his freshness and his exuberance. There was nothing of the sangfroid about him, no indifference, no nonchalance. Demonstrations even then were not new to him, but all the sights and sounds around him as he drove through the streets were a joy to him. He recognised, and his whole nature, so to speak, responded to the happy feeling of the people on that sunshiny morning. One almost expected to see him rub his hands with delight—not from any feeling of gratified vanity, but for the reason that he was the centre of so much pleasure and pleasant feeling. We may say he did not look specially intellectual or notably reflective, but there was nothing about him to lead anybody to declare that he was unintellectual or unthinking. Bright, quick, intelligent, he undoubtedly was, and all those qualities and all the fresh, healthy faculties of his mind seemed given over to a sense of joyousness. He was, beyond all question, a handsome young man, and would have been a favourite of men and women in any station in life. But to all appearance he had not taken upon himself any sense of responsibility. He had, one might say, absolutely no cares, and he had undoubtedly the good nature and kindliness of disposition to wish that to all others around him the world were as full of pleasure as to himself. When, presently, he took part in such ceremonies as formed portions of the programme of the visit, he did what he had to do in a manner suggesting that it was not a very serious work in which he was engaged; but at the same time he took a lively interest in all the proceedings, and was very transparent in his sympathy with those who were brought under his notice to accept prizes or to play any part personal to themselves in the business. Very distinct recollections we had at the time of his father, the late Prince Consort, and it was easy to see that he was not made on the model of that excellent Prince, though there was something in him of his father's good nature and kindly disposition. Both, we are sure, above all things in relation to the people around them and the population of this kingdom, desired that there should be innocent happiness with the smallest possible alloy; but it was given to the father to feel that this is a serious and solemn aspiration, involving much devotion and much intellectual application in order to the doing of anything towards its realisation; while the young Prince had never been deeply impressed in that way, and had not risen to a sense of the awful mystery of evil and misery which wraps round the social life of the time in spite of all that has been done and is doing in the way of amelioration. The Princess was in many respects a contrast to her young husband. She, too, was very happy in her way, in face of the bright scene through which she was passing; but it was a happiness of thoughtfulness, touched now and then with a tinge as it were of half sadness, as if to be the object of so much acclamation was touching as well as pleasing, and one could imagine her deeply affected by that which would only render the Prince the merrier. He was full of sanguine life; she was marked by reflectiveness and a delicate refinement of nature which would render impossible that exuberance of enjoyment which was as the air he breathed to her husband.

Another time comes back to memory when we saw much of the Prince and Princess—again in the midst of a demonstration. They were visiting Lord Alfred Paget at his country residence at Long Melford. This time we can quote verbatim what we wrote then with regard especially to the Prince and Princess. Here is an extract from six years' old memoranda:—

> When the Prince of Wales stepped out of the carriage upon the platform at Long Melford Railway-station and shook hands with Lord Alfred Paget, the thought must have occurred to the minds of most of those who stood there—waiting as many were to form a first impression of the future King of England—that they never had the good fortune to see a young man looking happier than he did at that moment, and that no meeting of friends could be heartier or more cheerful than that of Prince Albert Edward and his intimate friend, Lord Alfred. The paths of the young Prince are made pleasant for him, and no future could be brighter than that which lies before him. With a fair young wife by his side, with children to ensure the succession, and a country growing richer and more prosperous, and maintaining its place among the foremost of the nations, his lot is a splendid one; but even such conditions as these would not sit upon every man's heart in the same way, and when we look at the Prince we are fain to say that he bears with him a constitutional joyousness that would not have been much less had fortune dealt out favours to him with a more sparing hand. We have seen His Royal Highness on several occasions, and he always appears to carry about with him that genuine, natural, easy cheerfulness which seems, by mere sympathy, to raise a weight of care off the minds of others, and to put a brighter face upon things: and surely when the whole population of a place have been working for days, as those of Long Melford had, to be ready to give welcome to their Prince, they could have no better or more apt reward than to see him pass among them so happily and so gladly. In a moment more the Danish Princess steps lightly out, and everybody is anxious to see her. She, also, meets Lord Alfred with evident delight, and perhaps her pleasure is even more marked because one sees that she is sensitive and timid, and does not carry her happiness upon the surface.

We cannot stop without one more recollection. Our thoughts run back to the time by association, because, of the rare occasions when the Prince has been unwell, this was one of them. His Royal Highness and the Princess were on a visit to the Prince's friend, Sir Edward Kerrison, at Broome Hall. He went down to that Suffolk seat to shoot, and a splendid show of birds there was; but His Royal Highness was quite unable to follow the sportsmen to the cover. He was suffering from an abscess, and during the week was only once able to drive out in Sir Edward's carriage to the shooting party. Upon this visit we saw the Prince and Princess arrive at the nearest station from Sandringham. It was cold weather, and the Prince was cloaked up to his ears. He seemed to come out from the carriage, and to hand out the Princess, from a vast confusion of morning newspapers, which had been opened and conned over, and cast aside one after another, without refolding, till the compartment was full of them, and the Prince and Princess were concealed among them as in a nest. And there, too, was the Duke of Edinburgh, just home from one of his long travels, and clad in a huge Russian fur cloak—a hearty, free-and-easy, self-possessed man, with less *naïveté*, and more readiness and practical worldliness, than his elder brother.

We will not dwell longer on pictures that cannot be reproduced; but such as they are we set them by the side of those which appear so plentifully just now, and seek for ourselves to make out what manner of man this is whose gradual recovery from a dangerous sickness has given us all so much joy. To us he seems to be a most kind, good-natured, happy-dispositioned, generous-hearted man, as fitted to be King of England, perhaps, as any we might choose though we selected from a thousand. We have among us many men of learning, men of science, statesmen, philanthropists, orators, but we want for a king one who is in constant sympathy with the general feeling of the nation, and who, while statesmen and *savans* are trying to find out a panacea for all evils, will do what lies in his power, as one possessing great personal influence, to promote the immediate happiness of the population by affording countenance and encouragement to every form of honest enjoyment. A man of great energy, a man of untiring good humour, always ready to add a brightness to the bright side of life. Why should not this be a king after an Englishman's own heart?

A FEMALE COMMUNIST.

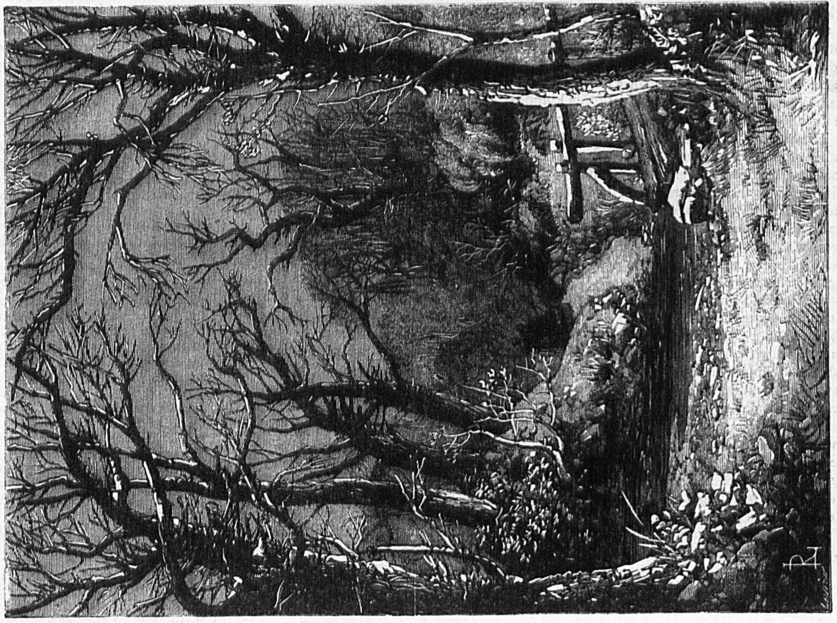
A SPECIAL telegram from the *Daily News* Paris correspondent gives an account of the trial by court-martial of one of the heroines of the Commune, Louise Michel, a woman of high attainments and a good position, who was formerly a schoolmistress. She is thirty-five years old and very handsome, has been tried by a Versailles court-martial as an accomplice in the acts of the Commune, as having personally fought in uniform, and as having written articles in the *Cri du Peuple* inciting to the assassination of the two Generals. Her manner was simple, calm, modest, and unassuming; but she defied her judges, saying that she respected the social revolution—she respected the Court more than the Committee of Pardons, which judged in secret. She stood face to face, she said, with avowed enemies, who she knew must condemn her. She admitted that she attended and took part in almost every council of the Commune, and declared that the Commune was honest and innocent, and had no thought of murder or arson. She would have shot the two Generals, Clement Thomas and Lecomte, with her own hand, had she seen them on the scene of action, but she repudiated as a dastardly deed their execution when they were prisoners. She had proposed fire as a strategical means of opposing the advance of the Versaillists. She had exhorted Ferré to invade the Assembly, and regretted that he had not done so. She meant two lives to be sacrificed at Versailles, those of M. Thiers and her own. M. Marchand, the counsel assigned to her, declined to speak for the defence, by express order of the prisoner. She said, "All I ask of you is to send me to Satory. Shoot me there, and let me sleep by the side of my beloved Ferré. The Public Prosecutor is right; I have no place in this world at a time when an ounce of lead is the portion of the lovers of liberty and right." The President, Colonel Delaporte, stopped her harangue, and the court sentenced her to transportation for life in a fortress.

GENERAL TROCHU is said to be awaiting the period when he will have a right to retire as a general, which will be three months hence, before tendering his resignation as a Deputy and retiring completely into private life.

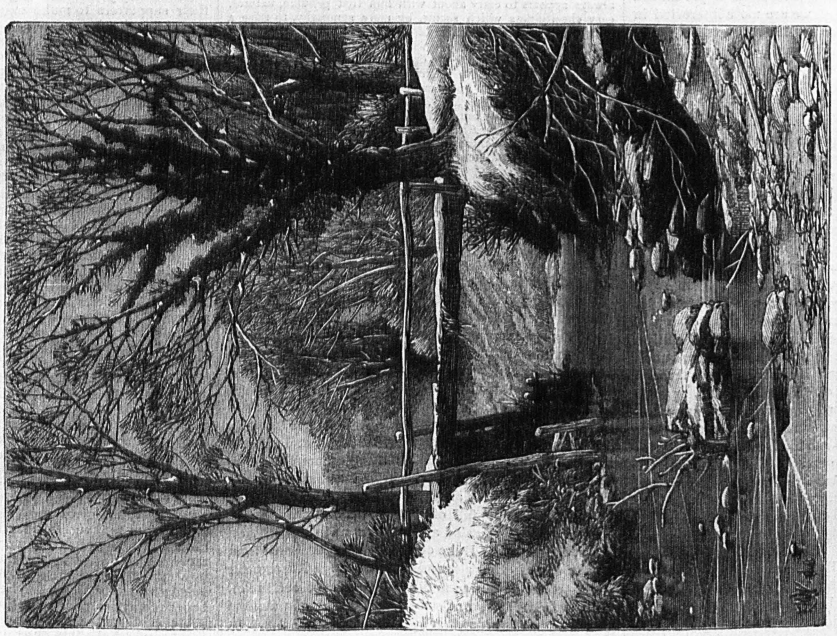
THE London correspondent of the *Scotsman* makes the following statement:—"M. Thiers intends to enter an energetic protest against the conduct of the Orleanist Princes, should they persist in their desire to take part in the debates of the National Assembly. M. Thiers considers that the promise they made him when Chief of the Executive power is binding, not only towards himself, but also to the nation. Their presence in the House, whether they joined the Right or Left, would encourage their supporters to make manifestations, or perhaps a monarchical surprise, which would inevitably lead to civil war. If the Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville voted with the Republicans they would lose caste in their own party, and be looked upon with suspicion by the Left. If, on the other hand, they sided with the Right, they would be badly received by the Legitimists. Apart from these conditions, M. Thiers is of opinion that if he releases these Princes from their convention he only gives the Departments of Haute Marne and Oise one deputy the more each, at the risk of fomenting the present excitement of parties into civil war."

THE London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* says:—"An important conference took place a few days ago between Mr. Forster and some leading Nonconformists with reference to the Education Bill. The meeting was held by appointment, and lasted several hours. Its object, so far as the deputation was concerned, was to lay before the Government a clear and authentic statement of their views with reference to the objections taken to the Education Act, and more especially as regards the payment of school fees to the denominational schools out of the public rates. Several speeches were made upon the subject, the tenor of which I believe was very strong. Not only did those who addressed Mr. Forster urge their uncompromising objections to the Act as it at present stood, but they declared their determination to oppose the Government in every shape in the event of their demands not being yielded. What they insisted upon was that the objectionable 25th clause should be repealed; and, more than that, it was thrown out that unless this were done there was no hope of the dispute between the Government and the Nonconformists being settled. What gives the chief value to the announcement I am making is, that Mr. Forster, in his reply, distinctly and positively refused to make the slightest reconcession. Speaking for the Government, he declared it was their intention to abide by the Act as it stood; and what was more, he could hold out no present hopes of any material alteration being made in the Act. I am told that attempts were made by subsequent speakers to shake this determination, but without avail. Mr. Forster but repeated his determination to abide by his decision."

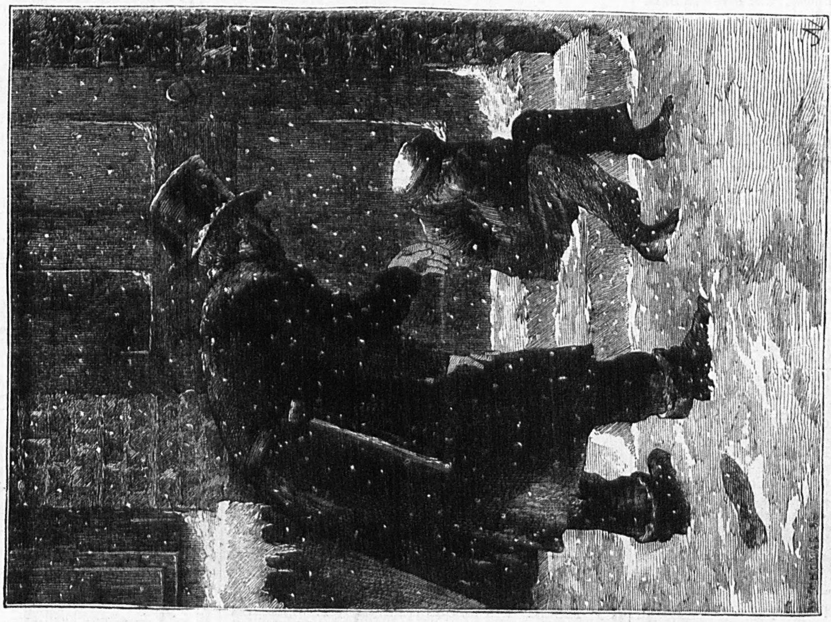
A MADRID telegram says it is stated that Senor Marcoartu has undertaken a journey from London to Lagrono, with the object of inducing General Espartero to intervene between Senores Sagasta and Zorilla. The coupons of the External Debt are to be paid on the 31st; but the Commissioners will pay the coupons of the Internal Debt only on their presentation being accompanied by the bonds.



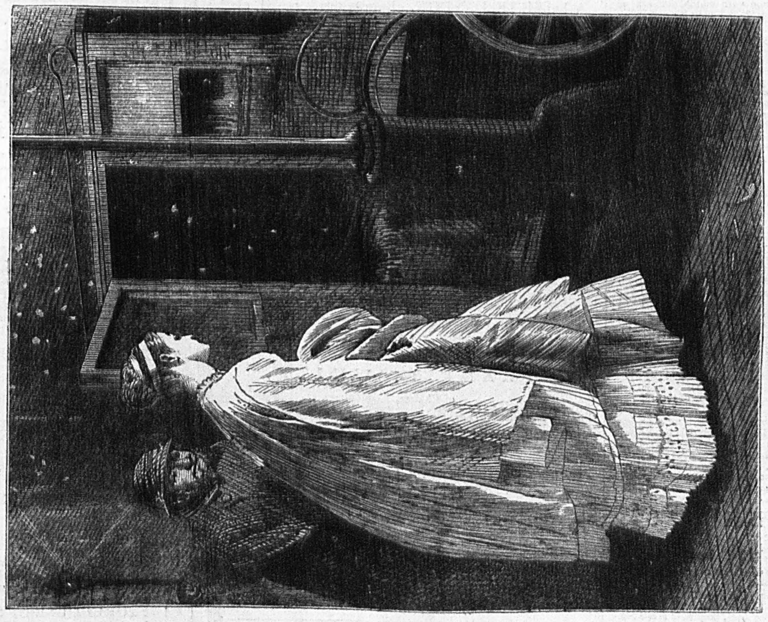
CHRISTMAS: THE DELL.



CHRISTMAS: THE BRIDGE.



CHRISTMAS: THE FORLORN.



CHRISTMAS: THE GUEST.

MESSRS. HATCHARD'S LIST.

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London: ROBERT COCKS & CO., New Burlington Street, and of all Musicsellers. [537

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.
MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

Addition to PULVERMACHER'S Advertisement in the Supplement, See page 8:—
PULVERMACHER'S PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, &c. A Test sent Gratis, on loan for a week, if required.
J. L. Pulvermacher, 168, Regent Street, London, W.
(Opposite New Burlington Street.)

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes we should by hooke or crooke (as the poets' poet hath writ) be merry. In the words of Mr. PECKSNIFF, "it is a duty we owe to society." We must not harbour grief, but smile for the sake of others, assuming a virtue though we have it not. We presume the pantomimes will be a great feature in the Christmas programmes of many of our friends. The fairies of the theatres will again enrapture happy throngs of children fresh from unromantic schools and dismal nurseries, themselves as fine as fairies with their beautiful dresses, sashes, ribbons in their hair, "and the rest of it." Children at a pantomime are to be envied—they are we imagine the happiest creatures in the world. They do not look upon the fairies as so many poor children who after the fun and frolic will be probably taken home to "bread and pull it" and a hard bed on the floor, but as so many creatures who are always happy and always will be happy. However it is not wise to enlighten our youthful readers. What are the pantomimes this year? That is our question, to which we will give our own answers. Well, of course, there is at the head of the list that very old and very famous theatre in Drury-lane, with which that likewise very old and very famous pantomime hand, Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, is again associated. Mr. BLANCHARD has given us this year the story of "Tom Thumb," blended with "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." Master MANLEY, a clever youth who made a "hit" at the Olympic in the early part of the year, will play *Tom Thumb*, and the legs and arms of that family, the VOKES, will once more be brought into active use. Mr. BEVERLY will set us a-dreaming with his scenery, and Mr. CORMACK will arrange the manœuvring of the mazy dances. "And, I said, 'Shall we glide in the mazy dance'—and we glowed." They will do so at Drury Lane next week, and may you be there to see them.—We shall no doubt have Miss JULIA MATHEWS and the PAYNE Family, at Covent Garden, where "Blue Beard," by Mr. H. J. BYRON, will be presented.—Mr. CHATTERTON will try another pantomime, "Little Dickey Dilver, and his Stick of Silver; or, Harlequin Prince Prettyboy, and the Three Comical Kings," which will be produced at the Princess's.—Mr. W. MILLWARD, who has written many pantomimes for the provinces, will contribute (in conjunction with Mr. GILBERT) a fairy extravaganza to the Adelphi. It is called "Little Snowdrop," and will no doubt be brought into prominent notice by Mrs. JOHN WOOD. This is the third pantomime to be produced at the risk and under the management of Mr. CHATTERTON.—"Pygmalion and Galatea," a mythological comedy, by W. S. GILBERT, is the big line in the bill of the Haymarket. Those who saw the "Palace of Truth" could not, we should think, be guilty of overlooking this piece. The other pantomimes are "La Biche au Bois," at the Surrey; "Bronze Horse," at the Victoria; "Aladdin," at the Standard; "Nip Van Winkle," at the Pavilion; "The Old Man and his Ass; or, the Magic Whistle and the Eleven Hungry Brothers," at the Britannia; "Zigzag the Monster," at the Grecian; and "Little Bo-Peep," at the East London. The Christmas novelty at the Royal Gallery of Illustration is by J. R. PLANCHE, and entitled "King Christmas, a Fancy-Full Morality." Mr. PLANCHE'S reputation for refined wit and pungent joke has, we hear, been well preserved, for the humour of the novelty is as genial as the season it extols; the dialogue sparkles with *jeux d'esprit*, at the same time that it is easy and flowing. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN will bring out a new musical sketch on Boxing-day, and the entertainment will conclude with "A Peculiar Family" in a compressed form.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

"Rays from the East." (London: The Religious Tract Society.) In its structure, spirit, and details the Holy Bible is an Eastern Book. The work before us is made up of illustrations of the Holy Scriptures, derived principally from the manners, customs, rites, and antiquities of Eastern nations. The author justly remarks that in order fully to appreciate the descriptions of the Bible, and to realise the force and beauty of its allusions, we must separate ourselves from the ordinary course of Western life, and take our place, in imagination, in the midst of Oriental scenery, and familiarise ourselves with the manners and usages of Eastern people. This is the object of the book, which is crowded with illustrations of high artistic merit. Among the earliest authors who drew attention to the elucidation of the Bible by reference to the scenery, manners, and customs of the East was Sir John Chardin. "It is not in Asia as in our Europe," says he, "where there are frequent changes, more or less, in the habits, buildings, gardens, and the like. *In the East they are constant in all things*. The habits are at this day in the same manner as in the precedent ages; so that one may reasonably believe that in that part of the world the exterior form of things—as in their manners and customs—are the same now as they were two thousand years ago, except in such changes as have been introduced by religion, which are nevertheless very inconsiderable." The work, well printed on toned paper and handsomely bound, is an admirable volume for a Christmas present. On another page we give an article from the work accompanied with an illustration.

"The Wood Carvers," brought out by the Religious Tract Society, is an interesting and entertaining little book for Christmas, and will be very welcome to boys of an inventive nature. The pages are adorned with good illustrations.

"Eva and Bertie," a tale for children, is pleasantly told. The matter is good and the moral excellent.

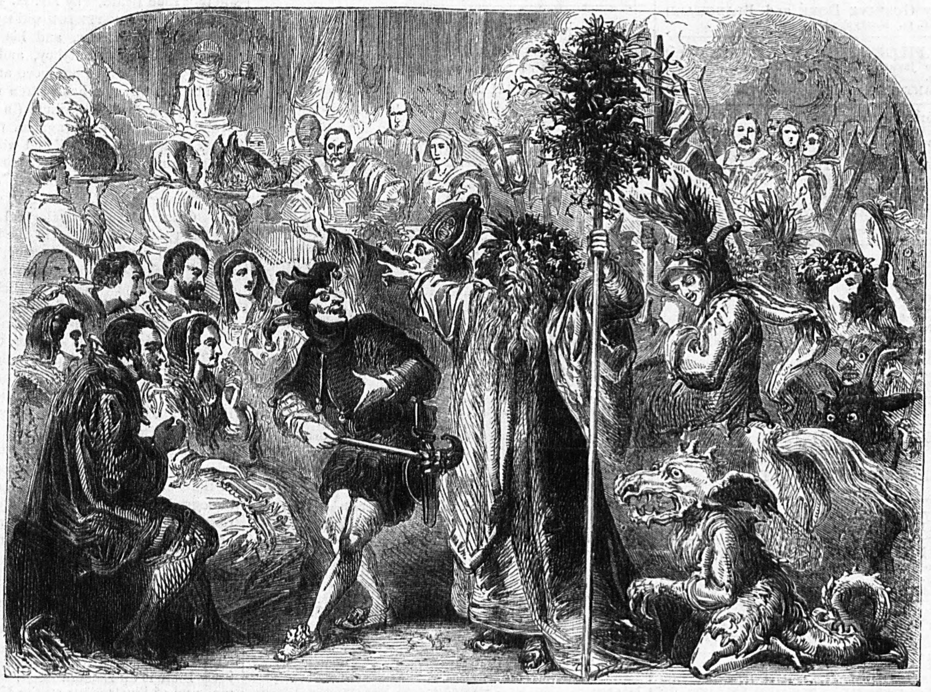
"The Child's Companion" may now be set down as an old favourite in the nursery. It is crowded with interesting matter and pictures, having a capital frontispiece-portrait of the Princess of Wales.

We have received from Mr. Macintosh, of 24, Paternoster-row, "Sunshine" for 1871. It is edited by the Rev. Dr. Whittemore, and is one of the most attractive pennyworths for children that comes before us. It is brought out under the same publishers and editor as "Golden Hours," a monthly magazine for general reading. The volume for 1871 is exquisitely bound, and may be honestly recommended as a very handsome Christmas present for young or old, rich or poor. It contains a collection of capital stories, notably "Octavia Solora" and "The Lady of Limited Income."

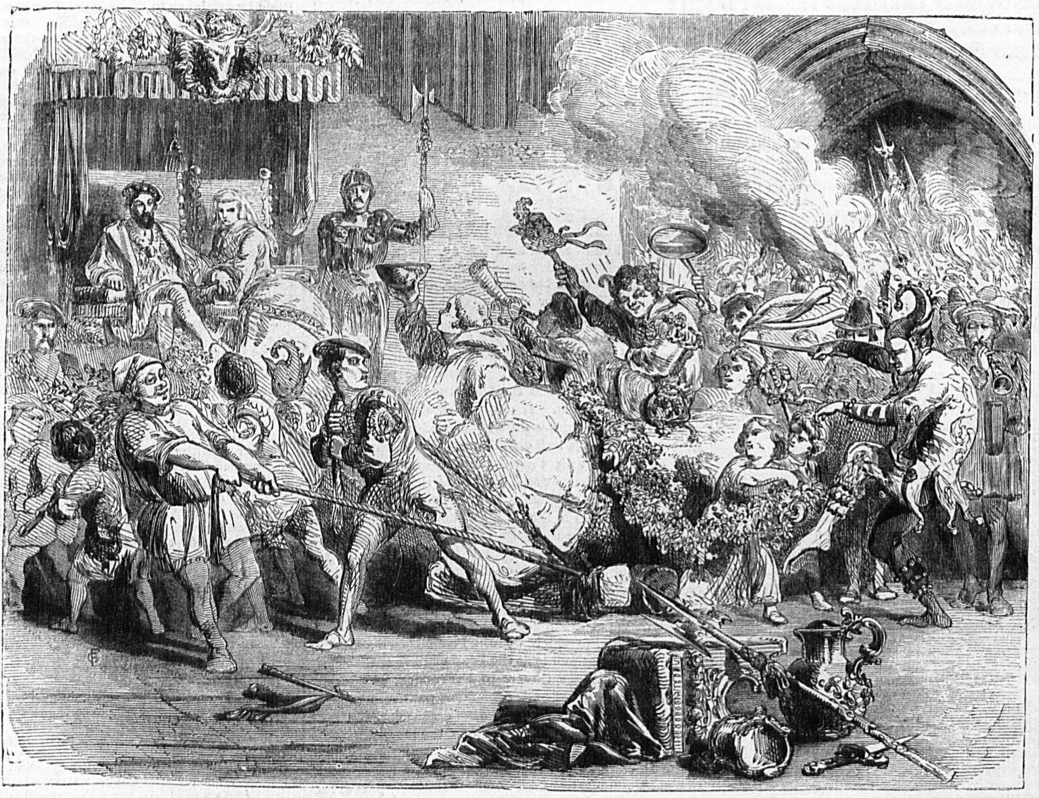
"The Mother's Friend" (Hodder and Stoughton), a volume of short tales and sketches, is a useful work that will no doubt find favour. It is illustrated and neatly turned out.

THE WANING YEAR.

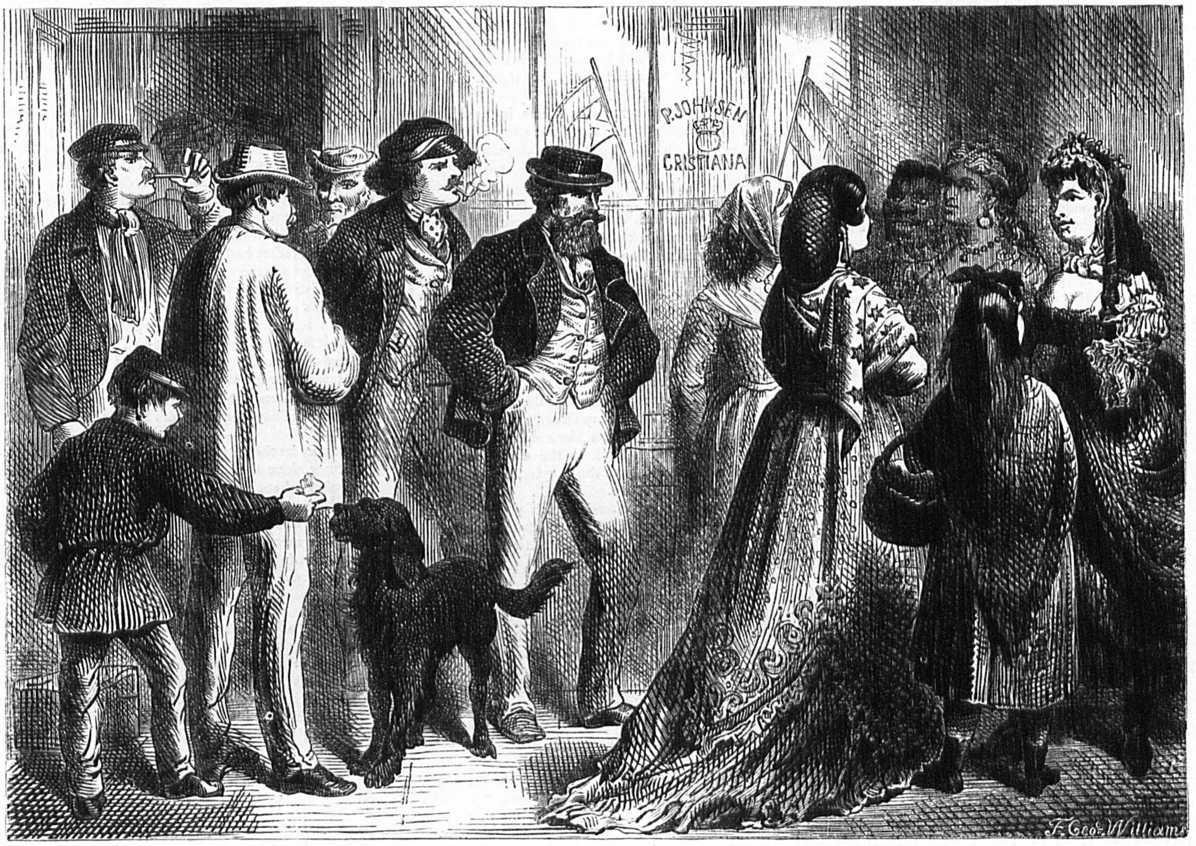
THE year begins to tremble with decay,
Like an old man who leans upon a staff,
And in a graveyard reads the epitaph
Of all his offspring who have passed away;
But yet soft breezes with his thin locks play,
Scattering his sadness with a jocund laugh,
While the great sun yet warms in his behalf,
And with his darts keeps Winter still at bay.
Yea, soothed and flattered in full many ways,
Though all the fields be bare and woodlands sere,
Half hidden from his sight by thick'ning haze,
Serenely smiles the slow-declining Year,
Like one who has in goodness spent his days,
And waits his coming end without a fear.



CHRISTMAS: The Mask.



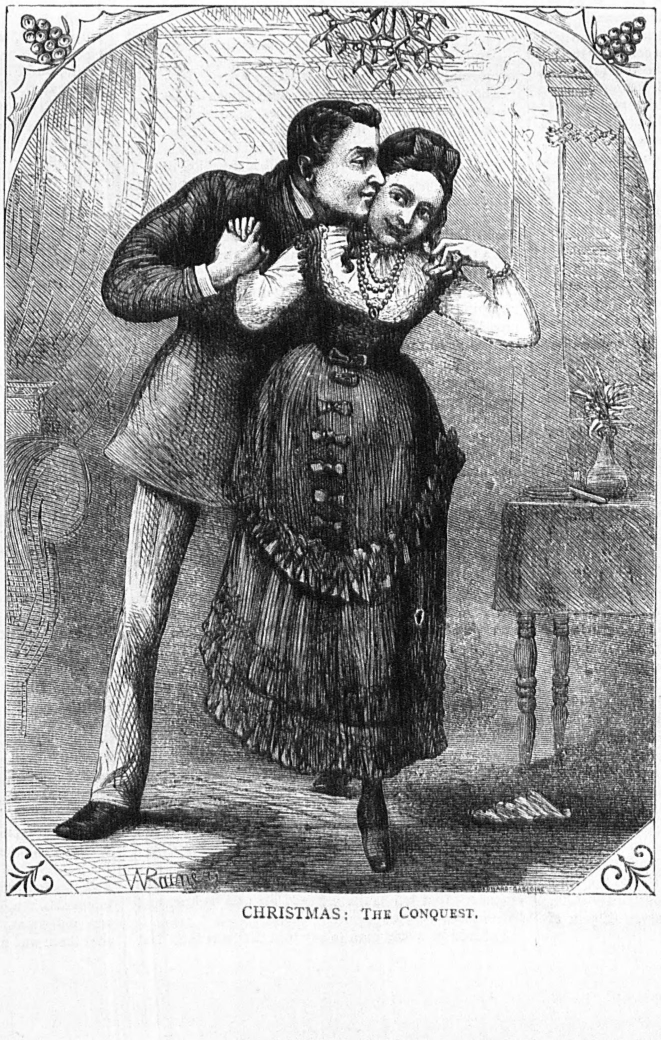
CHRISTMAS: Old England.



CHRISTMAS: THE EAST END OF LONDON.

[BELGIAN MILITARY QUESTIONS.

THE Brussels correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes as follows:—"Till the time of the outbreak of war last year the military question in Belgium furnished the principal electioneering cry. 'Retrenchment,' cried the Left; 'More retrenchment,' cried the Right; both to the intense despair and disgust of the professional heads of the army. It was so easy to say, 'Wherefore burden the taxpayer when our neutrality is guaranteed, and our army doing actually only gendarmes' service?' The condition made as to Belgium on the occasion of the late war has, however, modified considerably the meaning attached to Belgian neutrality by the Belgians themselves. Last year England negotiated very zealously, Prussia conceded very courteously, and France granted very grudgingly to the Belgians the right of defending their neutrality. Eighty thousand men had to be hurriedly mobilised and sent to the frontiers. Fortunately, the only task which fell to their share was to introduce from 5,000 to 6,000 French fugitives to the delights of the camp of Beverloo in summer, and the snugness of the casemates of Antwerp in winter. According to the most trustworthy testimony—that of the Belgian Minister of War himself—there was then something altogether rotten in the state of the Belgian defensive forces, the foulest spot being, of course, the *remplaçant;* and ever since the cry of 'reform' has taken the place of that of 'retrenchment.' To reconcile the ancient pledges to retrenchment with the necessity of the expenses, and, above all, the obligatory military service involved by reform, is now the difficulty under which both parties labour, and the sittings of the Chamber, where the military budget is now under discussion, remind one really of the acting of *haute comédie* of the finest kind. Yesterday's cloudy declaration by the Minister of Finance, which left only two points clear—that the Government wished to have the budget vote and the question of military reorganisation postponed—was followed to-day by a wrangle about the northern citadel of Antwerp, which impedes the development of the town and its commerce, and which M. Jacobs would therefore like to see replaced by a small but impregnable fort. M. Frère-Orban recalled the Minister of War's declaration, that he could not consent to modify the system of defence of Antwerp. M. Rogier, the celebrated veteran of the Belgian Liberals, reproached the Ministers with their want of candour, and said he would certainly never vote an augmentation of the present military budget of forty million francs."



CHRISTMAS: THE CONQUEST.

THE GERMAN KNIGHTS OF ST. GEORGE.

IN a letter from St. Petersburg we read:—"The German Knights of St. George, at present the guests of the Emperor Alexander, are the lions of the day, Field-Marshal Moltke particularly, who visits the museums, libraries, churches, and other public establishments with the conscientiousness of a young tourist, and is respectfully saluted wherever he passes. Dense crowds gather round him whenever he stops. Certain peculiarities of his strange character are easily discerned in his present peaceful occupation of sightseeing. As a man who cares for things, not for men, who regards the latter chiefly as means to accomplish certain objects, he walks about looking quietly and minutely at everything which interests him, entirely unconcerned at being the point of view of thousands of searching eyes close around him. From time to time he raises his clear eyes to look at the crowd, but this crowd is then an object which he examines just as he examined before some curious book or building. St. George's Day was celebrated with great pomp. The Emperor gave a dinner party in honour of his German Knights, and proposed the following toast, which Frenchmen talking of the alliance between Russia and France against Germany would do well to bear in mind:—'To the health of His Majesty the Emperor and King William, the eldest Knight of St. George, and to the health of the Knights of our Military Order belonging to his brave army. I am proud to see the worthy representatives of this army among us. I desire and I hope that the intimate friendship which unites us will be perpetuated in future generations, the same as the fraternity in arms between our two armies, dating from a period in our history never to be forgotten. In this friendship and in this fraternity I see the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace and legal order in Europe.'"

CHRISTMAS.

Pictures and Memories.

The editor of this excellent pictorial paper has, I find, inserted twelve Christmas sketches from my portfolio, and it becomes my duty to tell his many readers something about the scenes themselves whereof the presentments have been transferred to his pages.

They awaken many memories as I turn over the proofs from the cleverly engraved blocks. What, indeed, are these scenes among so many? One picture suggests a hundred reminiscences, and in this inclement December evening by my fireside alone I find I make but slow progress with the simple literary task which has been assigned me. By most of these sketches hangs a tale longer by far than I have space to tell, and as I take up the proofs one by one my thoughts wander away into distant scenes and among people and things which for the most part have no share in the life I am living to-day. But if the years are gone, and many hopes and many aspirations with them, and if some of those who were friends are friends now no longer, and some who were living are dead, there is nothing can rob me of the picture gallery of memory and imagination, filled with shadow and with light, in which I move to and fro in hours like these. Let me see what is the first of the Christmas pictures—one of ten thousand passing through my mind, but one of only twelve on paper before me—which it is incumbent on me to say something about in this column? It is to be printed, it seems, on page 196 of the Illustrated Newspaper, and I call it

The Bridge.

It recalls a sad, lonely hour. I am rather inclined to laugh now than to sigh at the thoughts of it; but I fancied then I should not easily laugh again. Of course there is a woman in the story, or rather a child, for; "I was a child and she was a child." I was not to see her again. The stern prohibition had been pronounced, and the most melancholy part of the incident was that my lady-love had seemed to acquiesce in the mandate with an easy nonchalance that went to my heart. Had she been merely playing with my affections that she could so easily let me be sent away from her side, and show no signs of woe? I leaned over the snowy ledge of that cranky wooden bridge and thought the night was hot and that the keen breeze was not half fierce enough. I was not heavy, but the rude wooden parapet cracked and gave ominous warning of danger under my weight, and I felt as if it would not matter at all if it let me over. There was not water enough for drowning, but what of that? I was not in the mood to make mere material calculations. The little sheet of ice was somehow tempting, for I did not reflect so much on the ridiculous discomfort of breaking through it, and letting the dark under-current run over it, as upon the still, deadly quietude underneath, which I fancied I should like to share in. For the hour I thought I was utterly alone, cast adrift, with nothing to tie me to life. What, indeed, is there of encouragement for the downhearted on a winter's day like this, when the snow lies still upon the grass as if it were to rest there for ever; when the branches of the trees are seemingly stiff with death and have not movement left in them to shake off the lines of white coating, and the very water has not energy to resist the deadening influences of the season?

I am glad I did not place a figure upon that bridge to answer for myself. It would be a pity to introduce the element of absurdity, and how could I, with any regard at once for the foolish tragedy of the moment and for the actual blunder and littleness of the whole incident, have represented myself in the picture? Let me pass that hastily by, for the remembrance comes back, vividly enough, of the almost noiseless tripping step behind me, and the muffled and furred figure of my cruel maiden standing before me as I turned, putting out a little warm hand from within her cloak, and quietly laughing at me.

What sketch have we here, to be placed side by side with the bridge, on the same page? Underneath it I had pencilled

The Dell.

And there, indeed, am I, not alone and not sad. But this was years after, and though the country is the same, and that is the same stream at another stage in its passage, and there is mid-winter again, with the snow upon the boughs, this is not my little maiden of the bridge that is hanging on my arm.

Where is the little maiden? Well, she somehow laughed me out of my love, and laughed herself—heart-whole I think at the time—into another engagement. Until to-night I never had a thought of regretting the closing of that incident; but might it not have been better for me, in some of these melancholy years that have passed, to have been taught to laugh a little more through life and to have had that bright creature by my side always to repeat the lesson? What was that mistaken sensitiveness that could not brook the outbreak of artless merriment? Why should not I, as well as the gambolling kitten, or the furious turkey-cock, or the strutting peacock, afford sometimes subject of mirth?

Ah well, she laughs even now, very much as she did then, and I am glad of it. It is better for her, though not perhaps better for me, that she has not had me to laugh at and to make fun of since that winter when she came out and "made it all up" for the time on the little snow-laden bridge.

I suppose I run upon this theme because I have not very much heart to follow out the story of "The Dell." She with whom I walked that second winter's morning is dead. The two pictures mark for me two Christmas seasons somehow strangely alike and strangely different. The life-time of a generation has come and gone since I walked there into the dell on the path that comes up from the stream, with the woman from whom I thought then I should not be parted as I have been, irrevocably, all these weary years. There was another sketch in my portfolio, showing the house by the dell to which I returned one summer's day to find that she was leaving me and all the world, and to know that once for all time that chapter in my life was ended. I am glad the editor has not selected that picture for printing. He put it aside, of course, because there was no suggestion of Christmas in it; but to me for the moment, pondering by the fireside in this dreary December, the sketch seems omitted by the capricious kindness of fate, and I am permitted to dream back to the Christmas of "The Dell," as if I could have the chapter, for once in a time, without the catastrophe.

I will not reopen wounds which yesterday I should have said were healed. My next sketch, in the order in which they appear, is to be printed on page 197, and I name it

The Guest.

Why the guest? Well, she came to us as a guest in name that Christmastide, and as a guest we received her; but if I have correctly drawn the figure as it appeared that night, when she stepped from her own home across the black pavement into the cab by the lamp-post, my readers will see that it was not in anticipation of merrymaking that she allowed herself to be driven away from her door in the festival time. There is a something of pain and grief in her face, there is a storm of agitation at her heart.

They had been spending the Christmas evening at my father's house—she and her husband, my old friend Fred Gordon; and it had seemed to me that no young husband could be happier than he that night. It was not for me to envy him; for had I not then with me my own sweet lady from the "Dell"? I am not given to excessive hilarity, but I had been merry that night. It was one of the few festivals of Christmastide upon which I could look back joyously but for associations connecting it with scenes which are anything but joyous in my memory.

There was something wrong before Fred Gordon and his wife left us. He was irritable, and betrayed a certain peevishness of tone that was not worthy of him; she was cold and reserved. I stepped with her to the carriage door; her hand was cold and it trembled when I bade her good night. Fred, as he stepped into the vehicle, assumed an air of cheerfulness which was too plainly assumed, and though my experience of domestic life is little now, and was less then, I felt that this was not a pleasant return home for either of them. I knew of my friend that he had a most unfortunate temper, and the lady—though she was all that a generous and regardful man could wish for in a wife—was apt to be proud, and to put on a coldness not consistent with the natural warmth of her heart, if she felt that she was dealt with unjustly.

I am not going to tell the story of this seemingly very small matrimonial misunderstanding; it is enough for me here to remember that when the time of reconciliation came, and Fred, who had handsomely made the *amende*, told me in confidence the particulars of what he described as "that awful night," the figure that most impressed itself upon my mind was that of the fair young wife, in her evening dress, as she had left us an hour and a half before, leaving her husband's door, calling a night cab, and driving back to our house—the only refuge possible to her there and then. She was an orphan, and had been married from my father's house; yet when she came back thus we hardly knew what sort of welcome to give her. But she was our Christmas guest, and by and by I stole out into the night, and found up my friend, whom, though I blamed much, I was not tempted to quarrel with. It was difficult enough for me to prevent him that very night from returning with me; but he had still upon him a sense of wrong, rendered more bitter by the manner of her leaving him, which told me that it were better the meeting were left till the morrow, and I took him to his own home, where we passed the night together.

There is no picture which makes it necessary that I should repeat his confidences of those hours—how he first spoke of her faults, and gradually worked round to those excellences and charms of character which he was fain to say were her proper self. We slept by and by on couches near the fire, after he had become convinced that her faults were of his own inciting and her merits all her own.

I should be a bold man to say that that was their last quarrel; but I know that she made him a promise that no word of his spoken in anger should tempt her to leave his house as she had done that night, and he on his side declared that she should never be so provoked again.

The Forlorn.

That is the picture on the same page with the last. It is one of the scenes of the streets on the night of which I have been speaking. It was very late, and the snow, which was but slight in the earlier hours, had fallen heavily. I had persuaded Gordon to take me to his house, and on our way we stopped to see the upshot of this scene of the policeman and the boy. It was—shall I call it a mere vulgar incident of Christmas? A drunken father had turned his own child into the street, and there sat the boy crying. The case interested us, and distracted my friend's attention for the moment from his own little troubles. I know not what the policeman would have done with the poor boy; but I, regardless of legal technicalities, put my knee to the drunkard's street-door, and broke the lock and entered. It is not necessary for me to say what illegal arts I used wherewith I frightened the muddle-headed villain within; but we saw the boy was safe from further ill-treatment that night.

It may be that that boy's father has become a teetotal lecturer since then, and that the child is a prosperous member of society; and, on the other hand, no such results may have happened. It is enough for me to-night to know that there is the subject of my sketch, and to remember that the boy at least has no reason to regret having sat in the snow that night when we passed by the drunkard's house.

Festival Scenes.

Here are four sketches which are not personal. Like everything else that a man does, each one of these is suggestive of seasons and incidents, and what are sometimes called "life-dramas," and I might gossip on for an hour over my recollections, but what have they to do with these bits of sketching?

Two of the pictures I refer to are on page 200; they are The Mask and Old England; the other two are printed on page 205, and are underwritten Charity and The Log.

The first two are fancy sketches, the result of some antiquarian reading and a little study of quaint old illustrations and relics. The "Mask" is a Christmas scene of the early middle ages. The Old England and The Log are not companion pictures, though the "Yule log" is the leading feature in each. They are not, indeed, contemporaneous. The Old England, like The Mask, is of the ancient time of extravagant revels, and I need not say, the feast is in the presence of royalty. That which I have called The Log brings us down to days almost within the recollection of this generation. There are, indeed, remote and favoured corners of our land where the Yule log still plays its part in the ceremonies of the season, and there are, in wintry times, snow-covered churches by the side of baronial gateways like those which I have drawn. These are four Christmas studies, and that is all. It is a help to our enjoyment and our interest in Christmastide to have put before us these reminders of how the festival has been observed in different ages and under other conditions than those by which we are now surrounded.

East End of London.

Down by the river-side in the East of London are curious regions unexplored for the most part by students of the peculiarities of civilised life. I take great interest in finding out these strange places and in filling my sketch-book with scenes of which the East End of London on page 201 may be taken as an example. It shows how certain classes of foreigners spend Christmas in the dingy and dubious parts of our great capital. I cannot write a long explanation of a spectacle like this. Perhaps the narrative would not be edifying, but there is much singularity in the gathering of these curious types of peoples and races, and much picturesqueness, often, in the grouping.

Christmas from Home.

The Conquest (page 201), The Reverie (page 204), and In the East (on the fourth page of the Supplement) are reminiscences of Christmases spent away from Old England. The first, I need not say, does not take us very deep into foreign lands. There is Germany and there is Christmas. The mistletoe hangs overhead; the ceremony is, to the English mind, a very homely one. The incident might very well be English, but it is not. The parties would seem to be alone and to know it. Nevertheless, it is a sketch from life, and it is one taken in a pleasant time. That couple are friends of mine, married now, and with a merry little family around them. I have never ventured to show them the picture I made of that of which by accident I happened to be the witness, and I do not know what the lady would say to the expression of gratification which I have imparted to her face at a moment when, no doubt, she would contend that she was indignant. I am prepared, however, to take oath that there was never a trace of indignation on the lady's face at the moment, and why should I belie the truth of the scene by introducing it?

It will be a year or two, perhaps, before I shall be in the way of calling upon my two happy German friends, and therefore I shall send over to them this Christmastide a copy of this paper. By the time of our next meeting I hope they will have made up their minds to forgive me.

The Reverie is a fancy picture; a study of Christmastide among the devotees of the Greek church.

In the East is another illustration of Christmas among the Christians of the Greek Church. The celebration is a very brilliant scene, to which I must confess my sketch does little justice.

I do not dwell upon these reminders of the days spent far from home. There were reasons why I did not care to remain in this island in those days; but I shall not easily be tempted, I think, to spend another Christmastide in foreign lands. One may be lonely even here, surrounded by the merrymaking of his own countrymen and countrywomen; but it is not easy to tell how the heart yearns for Old England at this season when thousands of miles of land and sea lie between yourself and the dear old country.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FAT CATTLE AT THE BIRMINGHAM SHOW.

The Birmingham Fat Cattle Show opened in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on Saturday, the 25th ult. The number of cattle exhibited this year slightly exceeded that of the previous year, being in all 152 entries, while the quality was fully up to the average. The Scotch breeds carried off the "blue ribbon" of the Show. A three-year-old polled heifer, belonging to Mr. James Bruce, takes the first prize in her class—the innkeepers' prize—as the best beast in the Show, and the gold medal as the best cow or heifer. Mr. C. Ratcliff's prize for the best Scot goes to Mr. W. McCombie, M.P., owing to the condition that the exhibitor must also be the breeder. Otherwise it would also have been awarded to Mr. Bruce's heifer. The show of Herefords was not remarkable either for quantity or for quality. The number was thirty, against thirty-five last year, twenty-one in 1869, and thirty in 1868. The prime specimen was a four-year-old ox, shown by Mr. Bettridge, with a girth of a little over nine feet. In the class of steers, Mr. Aaron Pike again asserts the quality of his herd by taking the first prize against close competition. Mr. Pike, also, took the third prize for cows. There are four competitors for the prize awarded by the ex-Mayor (Mr. G. B. Lloyd) to Hereford steers not exceeding two and a half years of age. The prize is awarded to the Queen for a steer described as having had "Prince Christian" for sire, and "Princess Mary" for dam. A young steer shown by Mr. J. Baldwin, of Luddington, was commended. The short-horns maintain the proud position they have held for so many years. A splendid white bullock, exhibited by Mr. Joseph Stratton, was the best short-horn, and it was only beaten by a shade in the competition with Mr. Bruce's Scot for the crowning honour of the whole collection. This bullock weighs two hundred-weight over a ton, and displays "all-round" qualities of the highest order, as well as a truly majestic appearance. There are many other good animals in the class of oxen, some of them presenting gigantic proportions. There were forty animals shown in this class. The Devons, Long-horns, and Scotch classes comprise some very fine animals. Earl Beauchamp's prize of £21, for the best ox or steer of any age, bred and fed by the exhibitor, was awarded to Mr. W. Smith, of Hoopern, Exeter, for a Devon ox. Mr. J. J. Burbery, The Crofts, Stratford-on-Avon, took the first prize for long-horn oxen. The first prize for fat oxen or steers of any pure breed or cross-breed was awarded to Mr. Aaron Pike. There were eighty-four sheep exhibited against seventy-four last year. Both the Queen and the Prince of Wales were amongst the exhibitors, and though Her Majesty is an unsuccessful competitor in this department, His Royal Highness takes the first prizes out of four entries. Other well-known successful breeders and exhibitors of sheep are also to be found amongst the competitors. Messrs. J. Wheeler and Sons, Shipston-on-Stour, took the second prize for Cotswolds, wethers not exceeding twenty-three months old. Messrs. Mapplebeck and Lowe's prize of £5, for the single fat Shropshire wether, falls to Mr. H. Allsopp, Hindlip Hall, Worcester, for an animal displaying good character and form. Mr. W. F. Holtom, of Cleeve Prior, Evesham, was awarded the second for cross-bred wethers, a second entry in the same class, by Mr. Holtom, being highly commended. Mr. Randell, of Chadbury, was one of the judges of pigs, of which there were seventy-three against sixty-two last year, and of better quality. Messrs. J. Wheeler and Sons obtained the second for breeding pigs of "other large breeds," and the first, with an extra of £5 5s., for the best pen of five pigs of one litter.

RED HEART RUM STORES.

We this week commence a series of illustrations of London Wine and Spirit Cellars. We make our start at the Red Heart Rum Vaults, in King William-street. The Red Heart Rum is the brand of Messrs. Henry White and Co., the well known contractors to H.M. Navy, who have also the largest stock of Old Jamaica Rum in the Kingdom. It was specially selected by the British National Society for aid to the sick and wounded during the late war, and used in all the hospitals and ambulances. It is old and pure and free from all noxious adulterations so often practised upon the most favourite drinks, and is widely recommended by medical men. It has been known for many years past in India, China, and the Australian colonies, and in America the sale is very great. The *Medical Press and Circular* referring to the Red Heart Rum says:—"The great variety in the quality of spirits and wines is frequently a source of difficulty to medical men, who find it no easy task to secure a stimulant on which they can rely. There is no doubt that the popular impression that rum is the best liquor is to a large extent true, and this spirit would have attained much higher repute had it been possible always to obtain it of the finest quality and of good age. Messrs. White, who are as well known in the rum trade as Martell's or Hennessy's in the brandy trade, now offer the public the very article that was supplied to the 'National Society for the Sick and Wounded in War' during the late contest between France and Germany. We learn from other sources that this was the only rum sent out by the society, and we are also aware that it met with universal approval. We believe that the success of this article is well deserved, inasmuch as it is derived from its excellent quality and great age. Many people who find rum disagree with them, and its flavour disagreeable, will be surprised, if they try this, to observe that it has none of the objectionable qualities they attach to rum. Time has sufficed to remove them, and really old rum like this is better than brandy at a much higher price. Hospitals and those who study economy should take the hint."

MRS. CHARLES VINER

Has but lately returned from Australia, where she won a high reputation as a legitimate actress, and where unfortunately she lost her husband, who had become manager of the Melbourne Theatre, and was making fame and fortune in connection with it. We noticed only a few days ago a dramatic article in an Australian paper that referred in glowing terms to the days when Mr. and Mrs. Viner and Walter Montgomery upheld the honours of the Melbourne Theatre. For many years Mrs. Viner has been a favourite actress in the provinces, where she has appeared under the name of Miss Cleveland. As *Marian Holcombe* in the "Woman in White" she has achieved a genuine success, and the critics have been as eager to applaud her representation as they have been to condemn that of *Count Fosco*. Miss Dyas (who deserves the highest praise that has been bestowed upon her) and Mrs. Viner may fairly take unto themselves the credit of having secured a long run for the "Woman in White." Mrs. Viner is a truly dramatic and talented actress, and deserves the honourable mention in the *Contemporary*, where she is mentioned (in an article on the drama) as one of the few competent legitimate actresses remaining among us.

INCREASE OF GERMAN ARMAMENTS.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, in discussing the pro-Russian leanings of the French press, and the rebuff which the Czar has recently given to them, says:—

"It remains for me to record the more serious steps taken by this Government in consequence of the schemes harboured by the enthusiastic and imaginative author of 'L'Histoire de l'Empire.' In accordance with an order of the Prussian War Office, the various German armies under the immediate command of this Government will next year enlist over and above their ordinary quota of 100,000, an additional number of 24,000 recruits. As an analogous order is sure to be issued in Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemburg—the three States whose military forces are not absolutely embodied with the Prussian—a further increase of some 9,000 may be expected from those quarters. Adding to these the 32,000 to be gradually raised in Alsace and Lorraine, and deducting the ordinary average of those invalided during service, the army, after the period of twelve years obligatory upon recruits, will be reinforced by no less than 330,000 men. Whether fresh regiments or fifth battalions are to be formed we know not, but it is certain that the new comers will be exclusively draughted into the infantry and artillery. There is no doubt that even this figure could be much exceeded if needful. The number of able-bodied men exempt from service on account of some alleged physical failing, but in reality because the Government had not the money to enlist them, has always been very large. It is true the army estimates have not been increased this time either, though the recruits are to be so many more; but it being considered indispensable to add to the forces, the requisite funds will be found by curtailing the time of service for each individual recruit. Should, nevertheless, money be slack, it will, I suppose, be taken from the re-equipment fund, which is a small sum in hand of a hundred million thalers or so. Is it not, however, to be deeply regretted that such should be the upshot of the war? Are not the two countries with their rival armaments engaged in a steeplechase, whose goal is ruin?"

Lighting up the Japanese Coast.—The recent visit of the Japanese Ministers to this country has turned out not to have been a mere idle one. They told us that they had come to gain experience, and to carry back with them their impressions, especially of our method of carrying on our commerce, both by land and sea. It was well known by mariners that the coast of Japan was one of the worst lighted and beaconed in the world; but, according to advices from that country, it would appear the Japanese Government is actively engaged in placing lighthouses and beacons on the principal points of the coast. A lighthouse has just been constructed on the north point of Iwosima. The light is a fixed white one, eclipsed landward from N.E. by N., outside Metzuse rocks, to W. three-quarters N., elevated 205 feet above the sea, and in clear weather should be seen at a distance of twenty-one miles. The illuminating apparatus is dioptric, or by lenses of the first order. The tower is thirty-eight feet high, is hexagonal in shape, built of iron, and painted white, and is in lat. 32.43 N., long. 129.46 E. Beacons have also been erected on Zodsibi, Narusi, and Manaita rocks, in the Simonaseki Strait. A lightship has been placed in Hakodadi harbour, as a guide to vessels entering the port. The light is a fixed white light, elevated thirty-six feet above the sea, and in clear weather should be seen from a distance of ten miles. The light is moored in seven and a half fathoms at low water spring tides, off the northernmost point of the spit which runs out from Point Anama (the north-western point of the town), with the mouth of Kamida Creek bearing E. by S. one-third S., and White Bluff S. by E. The vessel is painted red, has two masts, and carries a red ball at the foremast head. It is advisable for vessels of large draught to go north of the light-vessel, as there is a bank of stones directly south of her.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

That is the meaning of the front page of our extra supplement, and it is also our own most sincere meaning in addressing ourselves to our readers on the very eve of that "day of all days in the year," which is better observed in England than in any other part of the world.

We wish you a merry Christmas! the best of wintry weather such as enhances enjoyment at home and abroad, the most affectionate of meetings, the kindliest of greetings, the coming of all those whom you expect to help you out in the enjoyment of the season; the coming also of some whom you do not look for, though the sight of them would add to your happiness more than you can count. There are separations of kind and kin which cannot be undone for the sake of the season, and there are some which are unmade as it were at the moment.

It is the habit of the English mind to turn towards home at Christmas, and sometimes, as the day draws near, the feeling grows too strong for the best formed resolution of a month or two earlier. We send out invitations to those who have most solemnly assured us that they cannot be with us in the holiday-making this time, and we have some little faith that our own affectionate eloquence, aided by the influences of the season, may prevail at last. There is no system of statistics by whose aid we may calculate the frequency of occurrences like these, but we are strongly impressed with the belief that as many people who had previously determined to do nothing of the sort find themselves, as Christmas draws near, radiating towards the family centre round which through life they revolve, as there are lovers of sport on the Derby Day finding their way to Epsom, having most firmly decided days and weeks before that that particular Derby Day should pass by without their presence.

The spirits of the youthful make us all young at Christmas. See the feeling in that Christmas frontispiece of ours. Does it not commend itself to the sentiment at once of "crabbed age and youth"? These are times in which to strengthen our own good-will with resolves in regard to the young people and the children around us. Life is before them, and they will all want some kindly help or encouragement as the years roll over their heads. We have known something of the troubles of the world, and it is in the power of most of us to guard against or mitigate the corresponding troubles which will befall the young people who cling round us at times like these and make the season so charming. We may, in the midst of these social pleasures, lay up a store of good feeling for the quiet and hum-drum days to come. It is well for all of us to cherish the sentiments that are awakened within us at Christmas; for they may be made to form, as it were, the salt of life when the sounds of the festival have died away.

A Merry Christmas! The words brings us close to our many readers once a year. From behind the scenes we have held council with them for twelve months, and we seem almost to draw aside the curtain for a moment and to take hands with those who have listened to our preaching and our gossipping so kindly during these many weeks. There is almost the sound of a voice in the words as we set them down, and we can fancy we hear the returning echo. They are not all sordid—these relations between writer and reader, and least of all when the one has to congratulate the other on an occasion of almost world-extended joy and rejoicing. We will say nothing here of topics of the hour or topics of the year; nothing of what has come and passed away since we exchanged greeting fifty-two weeks ago. All that there is to be grateful for is equally in the mind of writer and of reader, and it were nothing but conventionality and the formal exchange of words to speak of it now as we speak of passing events from week to week. In the exchange of what are called the compliments of the season there is, in spite of anything that may appear to the contrary, nothing of mere conventionality, and in the spirit of that assurance we will bring these few words of editorial greeting to an end with the universal sentiment—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Dr. J. H. Newman has a third volume of collected miscellanies in the press.

The Earl of Warwick presided on Saturday at the general annual meeting of the Warwickshire Agricultural Society. At the conclusion of the business, Lord Leigh referred to the recent fire at Warwick Castle, which caused the partial destruction of the most magnificent castle in the world, and moved a resolution of sympathy. To this the Earl of Warwick replied and remarked:—"It is impossible for me not to say that the loss I have sustained has been a heavy blow and a shock to me and to my family. We have all loved that old castle; we have lived in it for many years; we have regarded it with the greatest affection, and the loss of a portion of it has certainly been deeply felt by us." A committee has been formed in London, with Sir C. C. Lindsay as chairman, for the purpose of raising a subscription to be called "the Warwick Castle Restoration Fund." A public meeting in furtherance of the object will be held at Warwick.

PILLOWS SEWED TO ARM-HOLES.*

"Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes."—Ezekiel xiii. 18.

THIS text perplexed old commentators. Some adopted the marginal reading "elbows" for "arm-holes," as the correct rendering. Matthew Henry says that the false prophetesses mimicked the true prophets, by giving signs, and that they "sewed little pillows to people's arm-holes, to signify that they might be easy, and repose themselves, and needed not to be disquieted with the apprehensions of trouble approaching." He adds:—"Some think these were superstitious rites, which they used with those to whom they delivered their divinations, preparing them for the reception of them, by putting enchanted pillows under their arms, to raise their fancies and their expectation of something great." Finally, he thinks the expression may be figurative:—"They did all they could to make people secure, which is signified by laying them easy."

This last suggestion may be the right one; but probably our old divine thought only of that kind of repose which Europeans take on their nightly pillow; but travellers and critics since his day have made the point more clear to our understanding.

Thus, Dr. Parkhurst proposes, by a little alteration in the rendering, to make it agree with the Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible. He reads:—"Woe to the women who fasten cushions on the whole arm-pits;" alluding to little pillows, or cushions, for the elbows to lean upon, as used in the East. The accounts of travellers confirm this view.

"I have beheld," says Dr. Perkins, the American missionary, "princes and nobles lolling on soft carpets, under the shade of their broad canvas awning stretched above the windows, on a hot summer's day, supported by soft cushions, and *pillows under their arm-pits*."

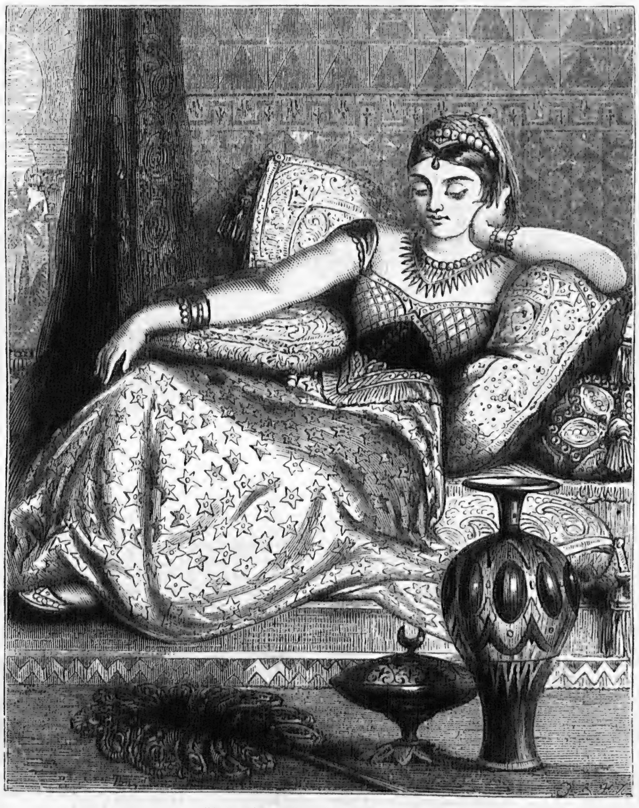
"Along the sides of the wall or floor," writes Shaw, "a range of narrow beds or mattresses is often placed upon these carpets; and for their further ease and convenience, several velvet or damask bolsters are placed upon these carpets or mattresses, indulgences that seem to be alluded to by the 'stretching themselves upon couches,' and by the 'sewing of pillows to armholes.'"

"The apartments of the wife of a rich Turk," says Lady Mary Wortley Montague, "are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them about two feet. This is the sofa, which is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round is a couch raised half a foot, covered with rich silk, according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Round about this are placed, standing against the walls, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones. These seats are so convenient and easy, that I believe I shall never endure chairs again as long as I live."

In another place she thus describes a Turkish lady:—"On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat Fatima, leaning on cushions of white satin embroidered. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour."

"Supposing, then," says Dr. Parkhurst, "such cushions for the like purposes of ease and indolence to have been in use among the Jews in Ezekiel's time, as the Septuagint gives us reason to think they were, we have then an explanation of the passage in the prophet, and by a striking emblematical representation, denoting that the Jewish people, deceived by the 'lying prophets,' should continue to enjoy ease and peace; or, in other words, that Judæa and Jerusalem should not be taken, nor exposed to the insults of their enemies."

The expression has often, with propriety, been applied to those who cry, "Peace! peace! when there is no peace," and who calm the consciences of their hearers by persuading them that they have "good hearts;" and because they are "kind neighbours, benevolent, charitable, and peaceable, they may rest assured about their eternal salvation." Such, indeed, may enjoy carnal security and ease, while leaning upon such pillows; but the day of trial will come, and then woe both to deceiver and deceived, for it shall be found that there is no genuine and lasting consolation, but in this great truth, received by living faith, that Christ Jesus has "made peace for us by the blood of His cross."



CHRISTMAS: THE REVERIE.

EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

CAPTAIN BURTON contributes to the *Morning Post* an interesting letter in aid of the cause of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He says:—

The return of Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake to Damascus on November 5, after his dangerous *reconnaissance* of the 'Ulah or uplands lying between the El Hamah (the Hamath of the Old Testament) and Aleppo, has been reported. My friend and fellow-traveller during the journey of thirty-five days, averaging six miles of riding per diem, sketched and fixed the positions of some fifty ruins which, in presence of the Circassian immigration, now a *fait accompli*, are fated soon to disappear from the face of the earth. He is also sending home twenty to twenty-five Greek inscriptions, of which six or seven have dates, and before joining Captain Stewart, R.E., he will explore the Harrah or Hot country, a pure white blank in the maps, which, however, have not yet had the opportunity of being good. All except the hydrographic charts have been hurriedly executed; the bearings are mostly in confusion, and the proper names of places are hideously distorted. The extremes of differences in latitude in four maps amount to seventeen miles, and in longitude to twenty miles, or a total of thirty-seven miles—in fact nearly thirty-eight; and it must be remembered that Palmyra lies within an easy four days' ride of Damascus. Newly transferred to Syria and Palestine, I imagined—and many would do the same—my occupation as an explorer clean gone. The first few months, however, proved to me that, although certain lines of transit have been well trodden, yet few travellers and tourists have ever ridden ten miles away from the high roads. No one, for instance, would suspect that so many patches of unvisited, and possibly at the time unvisitable, country lie within a day or two's ride of great cities and towns, such as Aleppo and Damascus, Hums and Hamah. When the maps have a virgin white in the heart of Jaydur, the classical Ituræa, students naturally conclude that the land has been examined and has been found to contain nothing of interest, the reverse being absolutely the case. Again, there are not a few who will scarcely have stomach for the task when they learn the reasons why these places have escaped European inspection—namely, that they will not afford provisions, forage, or water, or that they are infested by the Bedawin. The latter, indeed, compare favourably with the Klepths; they have not got to detain you for ransom, or to threaten you with excision of the nose and ears unless your friends consent at once to pay the exorbitant demand; they will spear you a little, as they did a French Secretary of Legation at Athens who expected to put a razzia to flight like monkeys by firing a revolver, but they will not kill you in cold blood, except according to the strict *lex talionis*. Still, even under these mitigated circumstances, travellers, certain that an escort, unless of overpowering numbers, will at once turn tail, hardly care to expose themselves, their attendants, and their effects, to a charge of Bedawin cavalry.

Again, the places have escaped exploration simply because the dragoman disliked them. Surprising as it may appear, it is still true that the best and truest modern maps—I bring no charge against the mappers—do not name a single valley north-east of Zebedana, nor a single summit except the "Jebel el Halimah," an utter misnomer. They show merely the long conventional caterpillar flanked by the usual acidulated drops, and seamed with the normal thread of drainage; when they have disposed all this parallel with the Libanus they have apparently done their duty. The traveller, with his handbook, perfectly ignores the fact that the general aspect of the range is far superior to that of the Western Sierra; that the colouring of the rock is richer; that the forms are more weird, savage, and picturesque; that the contrasts of shape and hue are sharper, and that the growth assumes in places the semblance of a thinned forest. The range is in many points more remarkable than its maritime sister, and it may in fact be called a section of new ground in an old land. It has already been effectively pointed out the nature of the work required by the Bible lands proper, "from Dan to Beersheba," where there is nothing barren of interest. It is to be hoped, however, that the funds will soon permit an archæologist to follow the surveyor. Although the East moves slowly, still she moves, but her present movement is all towards the change of ancient and Oriental to modern and European art, and in many places to the destruction of the most valuable remains of antiquity. The ruins of the 'Ulah are being pulled to pieces in order to build houses for Haman. The classical buildings of Saccæa are torn down and set up into rude hovels for the mountaineers who have fled from the Anti-Libanus and the Hermon. Patterns which possibly antedate the pyramids are making way for cheap English calico prints. The porcelain sent from China is sold or stowed away, and the table is decked with bits of French stuff, all white and gold, and worth, perhaps, 1f. a piece. Allow me again to impress upon subscribers to the Palestine Exploration Fund that Syria, north of Palestine proper, is an old country, in more than one aspect; geographical and technological, for instance, virtually new. A land of the past, it has a future as promising as that of Mexico or of the Argentine Republic. The first railway that spans it will restore to rich and vigorous life the poor old lethargic region; it will raise this Lazarus of Eastern provinces from his neglected grave. There is literally no limit that can be laid down to the mother-wit, to the ambition, and to the intellectual capabilities of its sons—they are the most gifted race that I have as yet ever seen. And when the curse shall have left the country, the plague-spot of bad rule, it will again rise to a position not unworthy of the days when it gave to the world a poetry and a system of religion still unforgotten by our highest civilisation.

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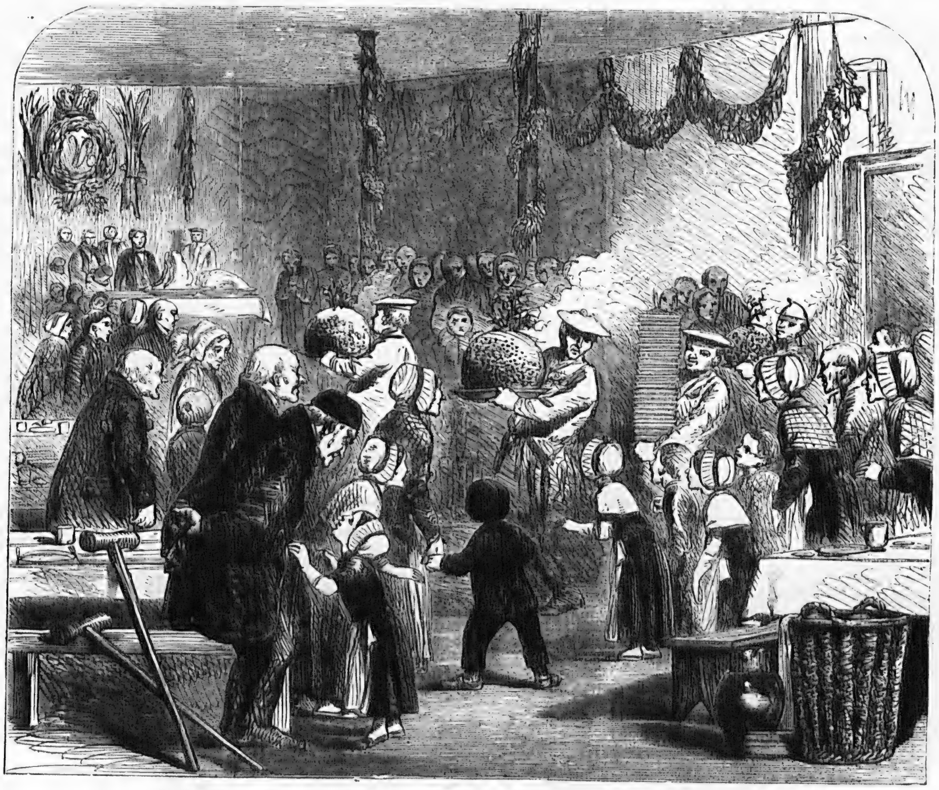
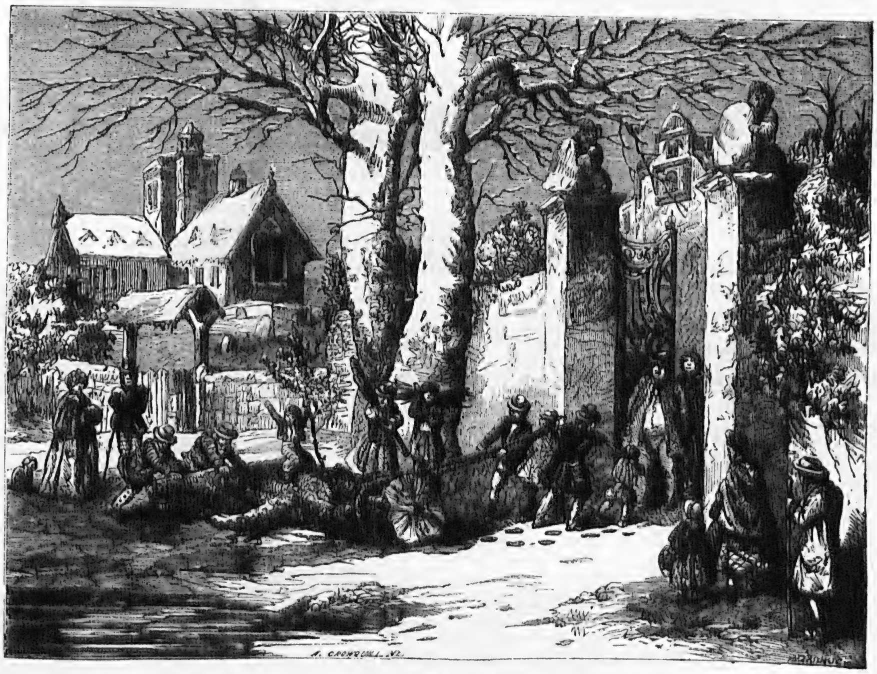
* *Rays from the East*; or, Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures, derived principally from the Manners, Customs, Rites, and Antiquities of Eastern Nations. (The Religious Tract Society: 56, Paternoster-row; 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 164, Piccadilly, London.)



CHRISTMAS: CHARITY.



CHRISTMAS: THE LOG.

HOME AND ABROAD.

At the annual meeting of the Staffordshire Agricultural Society, on Saturday, it was decided to hold the exhibition next year at Stafford. It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. H. Masfen, that stock which has been exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show should not be qualified to compete for prizes at the county show, as such a practice had a tendency to prevent the owners of good, useful, breeding stock sending animals to the show; while at the same time it encourages the unnatural feeding of stock, rendering them comparatively worthless as stores.

The subscriptions to the general fund for the relief of the sufferers in the famine in Persia up to Saturday amounted to £10,767 17s. 5d.

The Russian press, including the *Moscow Gazette*, has completely changed its former anti-German tone since the anniversary of the Military Order of St. George, at which the Czar dwelt upon the friendship between Germany and Russia as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe.

The Subscription Committee formed in Paris to offer to the English nation some token of gratitude from the French people in return for the relief sent to France during the late war, proposes a large oil painting commemorating this relief, the execution of which is to be confided to a French artist chosen by competition. The signatures of the subscribers, bound in rich volumes, are to be placed in a sumptuous piece of cabinetwork.

The *Journal de Paris*, alluding to the recent interview of three deputies of the extreme Right with the Duc d'Aumale, says if the Duc d'Aumale enters the Assembly he will enter with full liberty of action, bound to nobody.

Brevet Major Thomas Wilson died at Titchfield, Hants, on the 6th inst., aged eighty-nine. At Vittoria he was shot through both hips and body on the 21st of June, 1813. He was present with his regiment (the 28th) in every affair in which they were engaged, never having been absent for one day (duty excepted) until wounded. He received a pension of £100 per annum for his wounds, but resigned it, his means enabling him to do without it.

Several shipwrecks have occurred in the Black Sea. The lifeboats have all rendered great services.

The French Committee on Army Reorganisation has adopted the system of temporary exemption from military service prevalent in Prussia for the heads of manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial establishments. All ecclesiastics are to be exempted.

A Calcutta telegram says that General Bourchier has started for the Looshai Expedition. One good result of the expedition, the *Times of India* opines, will be the release of the British subjects held in captivity by the chiefs friendly to us. In all, these number, it is said, forty-eight. When the mail left Bombay, on the 25th ult., the troops comprising the expeditionary force were pushing forward into the Looshai country.

At the annual meeting of a Scotch association, Mr. Sheriff Tait said:—"He remembered being introduced to Mr. Thackeray once at Lord Murray's, and of asking him, 'Will you tell me, Mr. Thackeray, how it happens that you introduce into one of your novels the name of a county I am connected with, and which is very little known in England? You, in one of your novels, "The Newcomes," introduce the Duchess of Clackmannan.' He said, 'Oh yes, I will tell you; I remember how it was. I was paying a visit to my friend, Mr. Stirling, of Keir, and went to church with him. On that occasion there was a new elder introduced into the church; the minister made a long prosy speech, of which I was very tired, and in the course of it said of the man that he had formerly been an elder in Clackmannan.' Mr. Thackeray asked, 'Clack what?' He got the answer, and never forgot the name."

Colonel W. R. Halliday, Inspector-General of Musketry, has made his annual report on the musketry instruction and rifle practice of the army for the year 1870-71. The best shooting infantry regiment in the service during the year is the 27th Regiment, with a figure of merit of 160·06, an average never hitherto attained by any regiment. In this corps is also the best shooting company in the army, letter F company having made a figure of merit of 177·01.

The railway from Savona to Mentone will open on the 15th January.

The eclipse observations, according to a telegram from Mangalore, have been very successful. The extension of the corona above hydrogen apparently small. Five admirable photographs have been taken. Another telegram says:—"The observations of the eclipse have been very successful at Bekul. The extension of the corona above hydrogen is apparently small. The structure is nebulous air. Polarisation during and after totality."

President Grant's Message has been well received by the American press. The *New York Tribune* thinks President Grant is right in regarding the treaty with Great Britain as a striking evidence of the progress of civilisation; and is of opinion that the Message will be favourably regarded by the American people. The *New York Herald* considers the Message an unpretending, practical, matter-of-fact paper, which claims the general approbation of the country. It is well calculated, the *Herald* thinks, to strengthen President Grant, and to weaken his adversaries, throughout the United States. The *New York Times* says that on the three great questions—Civil Service Reform, Revenue Reform, and Amnesty—the President's views are in direct accord with those of the most liberal leaders of public opinion.

M. Pouyer-Quertier stated before the French Committee on the Bank Act that the Government did not insist on obtaining from the Bank of France the 400 millions which that establishment is bound to advance, but if the committee rejected the proposed increase in Bank circulation, some other means must be found of providing the sum mentioned.

A telegram from Rome says:—"The new measure respecting the Religious Corporations in Rome will stipulate that those having an international character are not to be interfered with."

In the French law on primary instruction, M. Jules Simon proposes to enact compulsory instruction for children from seven to thirteen years old inclusive, and the establishment of a gradual system of penalties for default against parents and employers. Instruction will not be wholly gratuitous nor exclusively secular.

A conference was held in Edinburgh last week, under the presidency of Lord Polwarth, to consider the question of opening in Edinburgh an emigration home in connection with the movement conducted by Miss Macpherson and others for the emigration to Canada of destitute and neglected children. Miss Macpherson addressed the meeting, citing numerous cases in which children rescued from the slums of London and other large cities had been introduced to comfortable homes in Canada. Professor Blaikie explained that steps were being taken for establishing a home in Edinburgh, in which children of the class in question may receive the training which is desirable as a preliminary to emigration.

A New York telegram says Mr. Tweed was re-arrested on Saturday and imprisoned, but was subsequently released on bail.

The change of the Seamen's Hospital from the *Dreadnought* to the Royal Infirmary of Greenwich Hospital has involved the society in a very heavy expenditure, although they are still housed in a building that belongs to the nation. A sum of £1,990 was spent in furniture and fittings, which latter included £700 for railings of a particular pattern, put up by order of the Admiralty, in order to separate definitely the infirmary from the main buildings and grounds of Greenwich Hospital. The last report of the committee shows that the ordinary expenditure of the year amounted to £8,217. The general expenditure has considerably increased.

The report that the Czarewitch had insulted the Prince de Reuss is entirely untrue.

The *Levant Times* says that Zia Bey, formerly first secretary to the Sultan, who a few years ago withdrew to Paris and London, owing to his being compromised in the agitation of the "Young Turkey party," is about to return to Constantinople with the permission of his Majesty.

It is announced from Versailles that, by a majority of one, the Initiative Committee has thrown out the proposal for the partial renewal of the French Assembly.

The Syra papers state that the island of Pholegandro has been devastated by a hurricane and flood, which, in many places, have swept away the scanty soil and laid bare the rock.

In reference to the recently disputed authorship of the popular ballad, "Home, sweet home!" Lord Houghton relates the following anecdote:—"I was residing at at Milan with my family at the time of the production of the opera of 'Anna Bolena.' We were very intimate with Madame Pasta. I well remember her calling one day, and telling us she was very much discontented with her share in the partition of the last scene of the opera, and she added, 'You English have so many beautiful airs which you sing among yourselves, that I am sure you could help me.' My mother, who was a very fine musician, mentioned 'Home, sweet home!' as a song which its own air and words, and Miss Paton's singing, had made very popular in England. She sang it, and Madame Pasta, sitting down to the pianoforte, said, 'It will do, I am sure it will do.' Donizetti adopted it accordingly, and thanked us for having got him out of his difficulty. As to the authorship, not having any musical books about me, I can only express a vague remembrance that it appeared first in a collection of foreign songs, with English words. The music, I believe, was arranged by Bishop, and the words were either by Bailey or Thomas Moore. The air was Sicilian, and I particularly remember saying to Madame Pasta that it was curious that an Italian air should get back to its 'home' through an English medium."

All the men employed in the Control Department at Woolwich were searched on Saturday. Nothing was found upon any of them, but when the men marched away the ground was found to be strewed with pieces of leather, balls of hemp, and other stores which had been purloined from the various shops in which they had been employed.

The new turret-ship *Glatton* has been floated out of Chatham Dockyard and taken to Sheerness for her trials of speed.

A meeting of railway servants was held at a tavern at King's-cross, on Saturday night, to adopt a memorial to the various companies, in order to obtain a compliance with the ten hours' movement, payment for all overtime, a diminution of Sunday duty, and the weekly payment of wages. Mr. C. B. Vincent, the representative of Mr. Bass, M.P., informed the meeting that Mr. Bass had promised 200 guineas towards the funds of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and had offered to give 500 guineas towards the erection of a grand railway institute in which meetings might be held. Resolutions in accordance with the objects of the meeting were passed.

A Welsh cattle dealer was on Saturday fined £100 at Brentford for having driven ten cows suffering from the foot-and-mouth disease with a herd of healthy cattle. A drover in the employment of the defendant was fined £50 for a like offence.

The committee of the National Club at Dublin have in their minutes recorded their high opinion of the late Right Hon. G. A. Hamilton, who was one of its founders, and, they say, maintained with unswerving fidelity the principles which it was the primary purpose of the club to uphold in their integrity.

M. Thiers and the French Ministers will hold their receptions on New Year's Day in Paris.

The French barque *Costa Rica*, 800 tons register, Captain Olivry, from Havre for Buenos Ayres, with a general cargo and eighteen male passengers, has been sunk in the English Channel by a collision with some ship, name and nation unknown, at about 11.30 p.m. on Friday night, about twenty-five miles south-west of St. Catherine's Light, Isle of Wight. The captain, six seamen, and ten passengers appear to have gone down with the *Costa Rica* when she sank. When the mate saw that his vessel must founder from the effects of the collision, he took a couple of the crew with him round the upper deck and cut loose everything that could float. In about ten minutes afterwards all on board who were on deck at the time found themselves in the water amid a tumbling angry sea and the floating fragments of the barque. Some kept their hold upon the one boat found floating, the water casks, and the spars; but some sank and gave up life. The English brig *Express* rescued the mate, boatswain, cook, seven seamen, and eight passengers.

The *Wrexham Advertiser* hears that the Secretary of the Inland Revenue Board has communicated with parties in that borough to the effect that the election of aldermen by means of unstamped voting papers is illegal, and had been held so under the Stamp Act which was in operation before 1870, and the Stamp Act of 1870 does not remove the liability.

The Governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy held meetings last week to give away benefactions distributable at this season of the year. The total sum given to clergymen was £1,390, the number of recipients being ninety-nine. The Governors also made grants amounting in all to £1,658 to 130 clergy widows, aged single daughters, and children. Thus in two months alone the Corporation has distributed £3,048 among 229 persons. In January several applications will be considered.

The startling statement was made by Dr. Michael at a meeting of the Medical Officers' Association on Saturday, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the houses of respectable persons were the receptacles of noxious gases, and otherwise defective in a sanitary point of view.

The Committee of the Italian Chamber on Saturday commenced the debate on the extraordinary expenditure of 152,000,000 lire to be charged to the Budgets from 1872 to 1881, on account of armaments and works for the better defence of the country. The Chamber approved the Budgets of the Finance and Marine Ministers for 1872. At a meeting of Deputies belonging to the majority of the Chamber, the principle of unity of action between the Government and the majority was affirmed, and a Giunta was appointed to select the members of a committee which will be instructed to examine the Government's financial proposals.

For a long time past, writes the Vienna correspondent of the *Observer*, the Beamten (the word is most expressive and comprehensive: it includes every civilian in the pay of the State, from the Cabinet Ministers to the porters of the Government buildings, public messengers, and letter-carriers) have grumbled at the smallness of their pay, and the many hours during which they are on duty. The agitation began in 1862, but for one or two years was confined to occasional petitions from some particular class of Beamten, either the Post Office *employés*, or messengers, or the Custom House officials. But their grievances have increased of late years, and their dissatisfaction fully kept pace with them. At the beginning of the present year matters began to look serious. The Beamten organised meetings, in which strikes were proposed, and also demonstrations in force before the Ministerial offices and through the streets. The dissatisfaction was the same in all ranks except the very highest, but, until lately, only the lower classes of Beamten have given expression to it. When it became apparent that the Government had not the slightest intention of taking their grievance into consideration, even Beamten, of high rank, and holding important positions, joined the malcontents, and agitated with the rest. The sight of their more fortunate fellows in Prussia, who, through continual expressions of dissatisfaction, at length gained their point, greatly stimulated the Austrian Civil Servants. During the past six or eight weeks, there have been almost daily reports of meetings of State officials of different classes in all the large cities in Austria, and a fortnight ago it was seriously proposed to organise a gigantic strike throughout the Empire. I believe even, although it is not known for certain, that some steps have been taken in that direction. There have been simultaneous meetings in Pesth, Vienna, Prague, Trieste, Linz, and Laibach, during which the chairmen exchanged telegrams, and urged one another to unity of action. In fact, the matter has gone so far that the Government is uneasy, and it is probable a compromise will be offered; if not, it may be taken as certain that a very extensive strike will be made, and that the result will be very embarrassing.

It is believed in Paris that notwithstanding the advocacy of M. Thiers there is no probability of the French Assembly being removed to the capital.

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [525

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Bilious affections, withall their concomitant annoyances induced by atmospheric changes, or too liberal diet, should be checked at once, or serious consequences may ensue. When any one finds his ideas less clear than usual, his eyesight dimmed, and his head dizzy, accompanied by a reluctance for all exertion, physical or mental, he may be quite sure that he is in immediate need of some cooling and purifying medicine. Let him at once send for a box of Holloway's Pills, which will free him from his sufferings, and speedily renew his usual healthful feeling. If the bowels be irritable, Holloway's Ointment should be diligently rubbed over the stomach and liver every night and morning. [475

M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

(From the Paris *Temps*.)

ST. JAMES'S PARK, RICHMOND, THE DOCKS, AND EAST END.

I HAVE paid many visits, and taken several walks. The things which please me most are the trees. Every day, after leaving the Athenæum, I go and sit for an hour in St. James's Park; the lake shines softly beneath its misty covering, while the dense foliage bends over the still waters. The rounded trees, the great green domes make a kind of architecture far more delicate than the other. The eye reposes itself upon these softened forms, upon these subdued tones. These are beauties, but tender and touching, those of foggy countries, of Holland. Yesterday, at eight o'clock in the evening, although the weather was fine, everything seen from the Suspension-bridge appeared vapoury; the last rays disappeared in whitish smoke; on the right, the remains of redness; over the Thames, and in the rest of the sky, a pale slate tint. There are tones like these in the landscapes of Rembrandt, in the twilights of Van der Neer; the bathed light, the air charged with vapour, the insensible and continuous changes of the vast exhalation which softens, imparts a bluish tint to, and dims the contours, the whole producing the impression of a great life, vague, diffused, and melancholy—the life of a humid country.

At Richmond I felt this still better. From the terrace can be discerned several leagues of country; the Thames, which is not larger than the Seine, winds through meadows, between clumps of large trees. All is green, of a soft green, almost effaced by the distance; one feels the freshness and the peace of the infinite vegetation; the grey sky extends over it a low and heavy dome; at the horizon are whitish mists in floating layers, here and there a darkened cloud, or the violet patch of a shower. From all the ground rises a sluggish mist; one watches it as if it were a piece of muslin drawn between the interstices of the trees, and gradually the floating gauze of the earth reunites with the uniform veil of the sky. How still is the park! Troops of deer feed in the moist brake; the hinds approach the fence, and gaze on the passer-by without fear. Can a tract of country be better arranged for relaxing the nerves of the man who struggles and toils? The oaks, the lime trees, the spreading and huge chestnut trees, are noble creatures which seem to speak in low tones with majesty and security. At their feet is thick and tall grass; the blades of grass, whereon the rain has left its tears, smile with a tender and sad grace. A sort of fond quietude emanates from the air, the sky, and all things. Nature welcomes the soul, weary and worn with striving. How one feels that their landscape suits them, and why they love it. Without doubt their climate befits trees, and, besides, they have had no invasion of popular rising to mutilate or cut them down; the national taste has favoured their preservation; olden things have been more respected and better preserved than in France, and among them must be numbered the trees. Those of Windsor and of Hampton Court are as beautiful. From Kew Gardens to Hampton Court extends an alley of gigantic chestnut trees, of which the large pink and white bunches resemble girandoles. The foliage is so thick that underneath it is cool in the height of the sun. Upon the velvet of the grass, constellated with flowers and bordered by nasturtiums, stand forth clusters of rhododendrons, as tall as two men, entirely covered with rose-coloured flowers, amid which bees are humming. There are so many of them, they are so magnificent, of so tender a tissue and of so fine a tone, they are grouped with such profusion in a single clump wholly impregnated with light, that one remains dazzled; it is delicious, intoxicating; almost beyond Nature. A little way farther, in an enormous hot-house, palms, as large as oaks, spread their curious vegetation, and bananas unfold leaves which would cover a child twelve years old. This is one of their talents; they admirably understand the architecture of trees, of grass, and of flowers; I have not seen even a classical palace or even a poor cottage where it was uncomprehended. Sometimes, indeed, the effect is too strong; in the sun it is overpowering; the incomparable verdure then assumes tones so rich and intense that they cannot be transferred to canvas; they would offend, they would be too raw; it is necessary to enjoy them with the mind, not with the eyes; they are a feast, and, as it were, an outburst of delight; in order to prepare and maintain them, swell and expand the tissues, moisture was required, excessive moisture, the caress and the guardianship of soft vapour; beneath a warmer sky such flowers would be stiffened and dried; they are not accustomed to bear the full sun; hence it is that they break forth to-day under his blaze. They have the tint of a beautiful lady; they, too, are patricians developed, preserved, embellished by all the refinements of art and of luxury; I have had the same impression at a full dress morning party, before a staircase filled from top to bottom with young laughing ladies in swelling and sweeping dresses of tulle, of silk, the head covered with diamonds, the shoulders bare. This was a unique sensation, that of splendour and brilliancy carried to the highest pitch—all the flowers of civilisation and of nature in a single bouquet and in a single perfume. Hampton Court is a large garden in the French style, laid out in the time of William III. Our style was then the reigning one in Europe. Yet English taste is discoverable here also; the borders have been planted with standard rose bushes, and these, closely trained along the slight espaliers, form columns of flowers. Ducks, swans swim in all the pieces of water; water-lilies unfold their velvet stars. The old trees are propped up by iron rods. When they die, in order that they may not be wholly lost, the remainders of their trunks are converted into a kind of huge urn. Clearly they are cared for and they are loved. There are no fences. I noticed young boarding-shool girls walking and playing on the grass, but they never pluck a flower. The following notice suffices to protect the garden:—"It is hoped that the public will abstain from destroying that which is cultivated for the public gratification." I have seen families of common people taking their dinners on the green sward of Hyde Park; they neither tore up nor spoilt anything. This is perfect; the aim of every society is that each one should be always his own constable, and end by not having any other. My English friends confirm what I had guessed about the large number and the vastness of the private fortunes. "Take a cab from Sydenham; for five miles you will pass houses which indicate an annual outlay of £1,500 and upwards." According to the official statistics of 1841, there are one million of servants to sixteen millions of inhabitants. The liberal professions are much better remunerated than on the continent. I know a musician at Leipzig of first-class talent; he receives three shillings a lesson at the Academy of Leipzig, six shillings in the city, and one guinea in London. The visit of a doctor who is not celebrated costs four or nine shillings in Paris, and a guinea here. With us a professor at the College of France receives £300, at the Sorbonne £480, at the School of Medicine £400. A professor at Oxford, a head of a house, has often from £1,000 to £3,000. Tennyson, who writes little, is said to make £5,000 a year. The Head-master of Eton has a salary of £6,080, of Harrow, £6,280, of Rugby £2,960; many of the masters in these establishments have salaries from £1,200 to £1,240—one of them at Harrow has £2,220. The Bishop of London has £10,000 a year, the Archbishop of York has £15,000. An article is paid for at the rate of £8 the sheet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and £20 in the English Quarterlies. The *Times* has paid £100 for a certain article. Thackeray, the novelist, has made £160 in twenty-four hours through the medium of two lectures, the one being delivered in Brighton, the other in London; from the magazine to which he contributed his novels he received £2,000 a year, and £10 a page in addition; this magazine had 100,000 subscribers; he estimated his own yearly earnings at £4,800. It must be understood that I put on one side the enormous fortunes made in manufactures, those of the nobility, the profit or revenues of £200,000 yearly; their outlay is proportionate. A young engineer, a younger son, and who was obliged to make his fortune, said to me one day, "With £8,000 yearly one is not wealthy in England; one is merely very comfortably off." Another, who spends his summers in the country, added, "look at the family circles of our farmers; their daughters learn French and to play on the piano; they dress splendidly." The rule is to make much and to spend much; an Englishman does not put anything aside, does not think of the future, at the most he insures his life; in this he is the reverse of a Frenchman, who is saving and abstemious. Whence comes all this money, and how is it distributed? I shall endeavour to procure the statistics; meantime, let us examine one of the great reservoirs whence gold flows through the people of all conditions, and over the whole country—the Docks of London. These Docks are prodigious, overpowering; there are six of them, each of which is a vast port, and accommodates a multitude of three-masted vessels. There are ships everywhere, and ships upon ships in rows show their heads and their swelling breasts, like beautiful fish, under their cuirass of copper. One of them has arrived from Australia, and is of 2,500 tons burden, others are 3,000 tons and upwards; some of them hail from all parts of the world, this is the trysting-place of the globe. For the most part they are magnificent. Seen from the keel they are leviathans, and they are slender and as elegant as swans. A merchant who is here superintending the arrival of spices from Java, and the transhipment of ice from Norway, tells me that about forty thousand vessels enter every year, and that on an average there are from five to six thousand in the docks or the river at one time. . . . I was smoking, seated on a bale, when a man passing along said, without stopping, "Five shillings fine." "Is it forbidden then?" "Yes." Nothing more. There is no better way of working or making others work than to be sparing in words or gestures. At Hyde Park Corner there are two policemen, whom I have frequently watched for a considerable time; they never speak; if there be a block of vehicles, they raise their arm to stop a coachman, and lower it as a sign that he may drive on: the coachman instantly and silently obeys. Our steward on board the steamboat, many servants, and merchants whom I have seen, do likewise; when, in giving orders and executing them, chattering, exclamations, tokens of impatience, fumbling, and disorder are thus suppressed, the command and the performance gear into each other as quickly and as surely as two wheels. . . . Shadwell, one of the poor neighbourhoods, is close at hand; by the vastness of its distress, and by its extent, it is in keeping with the hugeness and the wealth of London. I have seen the bad quarters of Marseilles, of Antwerp, of Paris; they do not come near to it. Low houses, poor streets of brick under red-tiled roofs cross each other in every direction, and lead down with a dismal look to the river. Beggars, thieves, harlots, the latter especially, crowd Shadwell-street. One hears a grating music in the spirit cellars; sometimes it is a negro who handles the violin; through the open windows one perceives unmade beds, women dancing. Thrice in ten minutes I saw crowds collected at the doors; fights were going on, chiefly fights between women; one of them, her face bleeding, tears in her eyes, drunk, shouted with a sharp and harsh voice, and wished to fling herself upon a man. The bystanders laughed; the noise caused the adjacent lanes to be emptied of their occupants; ragged, poor children, harlots—it was like a human sewer suddenly discharging its contents. Some of them have a relic of neatness, a new garment, but the greater number are in filthy and unseemly tatters. Figure to yourself what a lady's bonnet may become after passing during three or four years from head to head, having been crushed against walls, having had blows from fists; for they receive them. I noticed blackened eyes, bandaged noses, bloody cheek-bones. The women gesticulate with extraordinary vehemence; but most horrible of all is their shrill, acute, cracked voice, resembling that of an ailing screech-owl. From the time of leaving the tunnel, street boys abound—bare-footed, dirty, and turning wheels in order to get alms. On the stairs leading to the Thames they swarm, more pale-faced, more deformed, more repulsive than the scum of Paris; without question the climate is worse and the gin more deadly. Near them, leaning against the greasy walls, or inert on the steps, are men in astounding rags; it is impossible to imagine before seeing them how many layers of dirt an overcoat or a pair of trousers could hold; they dream or dose open mouthed, their faces are begrimed, dull, and sometimes streaked with red lines. It is in these localities that families have been discovered with no other bed than a heap of soot; they had slept there during several months. For a creature so wasted and jaded there is but one refuge—drunkenness. "Not drink!" said a desperado at an inquest, "It were better then to die at once." A trader said to me, "Look after your pockets, sir," and a policeman warned me not to enter certain lanes. I walked through some of the broader ones; all the houses, except one or two, are evidently inhabited by harlots. Other small streets, dusty courts, reeking with a smell of rotten rags, are draped with tattered clothes and linen hung up to dry. Children swarm. In a moment, in a narrow court, I saw fourteen or fifteen around me, dirty, bare-footed, the little sister carrying a suckling child in her arms, the year-old nursling whose whitish head had no hair. Nothing is more lugubrious than these white bodies, that pale flaxen hair, these flabby cheeks encrusted with old dirt. They press together, they point out the gentlemen with curious and eager gestures. The motionless mothers, with an exhausted air, look out at the door. One observes the narrow lodging, sometimes the single room wherein they are huddled in the foul air. The houses are most frequently one-storied, low, narrow—a den in which to sleep and die. What a place of residence in winter, when, during weeks of continuous rain and fog, the windows are shut! And in order that this brood may not die of hunger, it is necessary that the father should not drink, should never be idle, should never be sick.

A TRIP TO HELL GATE.

THE *New York Herald* gives a description of the Grand Duke Alexis's "Trip to Hell Gate," which contains some passages of exquisite beauty. His Imperial Highness proceeded to Hell Gate in the *Antelope*, being received on board that vessel by General McDowell's daughter, Miss Nellie McDowell, "clad in a very dark claret-coloured suit, and in her soft entity beaming all over with smiles," as the *Antelope* steamed up the East river.

That poor Grand Duke stood by a pillar near the state-room bulkhead, and there were some five hundred persons who desired an introduction. Alexis threw back his cloak prepared to receive Americans. Male and female, they were generally and fortunately for Alexis in pairs. The males he bowed to, the ladies he grasped by the hands. He smiled, too, and how could he do otherwise, since beauty in every form known under the name of perfection was being presented to him almost without interruption? . . . "Such an array of beautiful ladies! I am astonished," said Alexis to the *Herald* reporter, with that sweetness of accent for which the true Muscovite is remarkable when he attempts the English tongue. And (says the *Herald*) the young Russ was right. Faces and forms were presented to him whose outlines and grace could not in their faultless beauty be equalled in any Court in Europe. He smiled on one lovely creature dressed in purple, with a close-fitting Astrakhan jacket to match, he cast an admiring glance which found a mirror in eyes of deep brown, clear as those that luxurious Solomon speaks of as "like the fishpools in Heshbon by the gate of Bathrabbim." After gazing on a black-eyed beauty with raven hair, "shifting from burnt-up blue to black," with a duck of a white bonnet on her dainty head, and a sacque of white Astrakhan over a dark underskirt, he closed his eyes as if longing to keep the ecstatic vision before his mind, that it migbt haunt him in his dreams. When General McDowell led up a young lady in sky blue "a look of mingled satisfaction dwelt on the face of the blue-eyed boy of the Russian Empire." It need scarcely be said that the lady was beautiful on whom Alexis gazed so admiringly, yet (adds the *Herald*) she was more. First of all she was blonde and blue-eyed, but in those blue eyes there was a snap and flash that would charm the heart of a stone. Her hair was golden and braided with that careless negligé which betold a wealth of the article, and then it fell in short flamelets over a brow pure as marble, with just enough of the warm tinge of life in it to show that the warm current beneath was throbbing with character, force, and native fire. This lady was Miss Sullivan, of Ohio, a relative of the General's.

How the Grand Duke survived this strain on his feelings is a marvel, but he did survive it, for after being received at Hell Gate with "Blasts of Powder and Music," a successful journey home was performed on board the steamer and a luncheon took place, "a most recherché affair organised on the lower deck." On luncheon being announced, "a rush of famine-stricken mortals and a regular jam were the immediate results. As a characteristic feed, a first-rate banquet would be nothing to it, and to see the Grand Duke standing up and eating stewed oysters with his elbow pinned to his imperial ribs was a pleasure worth enjoying." Altogether, between the Grand Duke and the young ladies and the *Herald* reporter, the expedition seems to have been a great success.

THE Paris papers, referring to the speech of the Czar at the festival of the Military Order of St. George on Friday, say that they are not ignorant of the personal sentiments of His Majesty, but they believe that the new situation in Europe created by the Prussian victories leads necessarily to a Franco-Russian alliance, which is already foreshadowed by the instincts and interests of the two peoples. On the other hand the *Borsen Zeitung* considers the speech not merely as a simple friendly greeting, but as the political programme of the future.

BAKER and CRISP'S for SILKS.

SILKS.

GREAT COMMERCIAL FAILURES in FRANCE and disastrous pressure for money in Lyons and other manufacturing districts have compelled manufacturers to export their Goods at a great sacrifice. BAKER and CRISP have purchased the entire stock of Messrs. Coigne and Co., Messrs. Duchâlet and Co., and Messrs. Duchat and Co., amounting to upwards of £20,000, the original value of which was over £26,000.

SILKS.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 consist of £3,000 worth of White, Light, and Fancy Silks and Satins, which we are selling at 39s. 6d. to 3½ guineas Full Dress.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

SILKS.

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SILKS.

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NICKNACKS. £1 Worth for 10s.—Preparing for Christmas. The entire stock of an insolvent German Manufacturer. Thousands of Nicknacks. £1 worth for 10s. Sent in box free for 12 extra stamps.

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BAKER and CRISP'S NEW WINTER MATERIALS.

	s. d.	s. d.
New Wool Serges........	6 11 to	21 0
New Silk Serges..........	15 6 to	29 6
New Wool Reps	10 6 to	18 6
New Silk Reps (very best)	25 6 to	29 0
New Satine Cloths	14 6 to	23 6
New Satine Laine........	10 6 to	21 6
New Satine Turc	29 6 to	30 6
New Genoa Twill........	8 11 to	18 6
New French Diagonal....	21 6 to	39 6
New Soft Cords..........	6 11 to	19 6
New Laine Cords	10 9 to	25 6
New French Merinos	8 6	
New French Merinos	12 6	
New French Merinos	15 9	
New French Merinos	21 0	
New Fancy Dresses......	6 11 to	37 6
New Fancy Dresses.		
New Wool Poplins	11 9 to	27 6
New Wool Poplins.		

Full Dress.

Also Silk Poplin, Inverary Cloths, French Flannels, London Cords, Wool Shirtings, Belgian, German, Scotch, and other Fabrics, suitable for every grade of wear, from 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS, with Name woven on the ends of each piece as a guarantee for wear. All the most celebrated makers. Prices from 1 to 10 guineas. Patterns free.

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VARIOUS STRIPES on WHITE JAPANESE SILKS.—1,300 Pieces from 18s. 6d. to 25s. 6d. Full Dress. Patterns free.

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VELVETEENS! VELVETEENS!

1,000 Boxes.

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100 Boxes Lyons Silk Velveteens	...	15 6 to	21 0
100 Boxes Lyons Silk Velveteens	...	21 0 to	25 6
100 Boxes Lyons Silk Velveteens	...	25 6 to	30 0
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500 Boxes Various Colours from	...	15 6 to	45 0

Full Dress.
Patterns free.

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1500 DOZEN SOILED CAMBRIC Handkerchiefs, Half Price. Were 1, 2, and 3 guineas dozen; now, 10s. 6d., 15s., and 1 guinea. Also 500 dozen at 2s. 6d. dozen. Free for 6 extra stamps.

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In 50 Yard Bundles, 25s. 6d., 30s., and 35s.

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EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.

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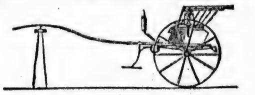
Black Wool Reps	Black Silk Reps	
Black Satin Cloths	Black Satin Laine	
Black Satin Turc	Black Genoa Twill	
Black French Diagonal	Black Soft Cords	
Black Albert Cords	Black London Cords	
Black Christmas Cords	Black Wool Poplins	

Also Black Grenadines, Tissues, Silk Gauzes, Japan Cloths, and other materials from 6d. per yard.

Patterns free.—198, Regent Street. [556

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234



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[218

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

HOW TO REAR CHILDREN.—Take an example from the Royal Nursery and never be without a bottle of Atkinson and Barker's Royal Infants' Preservative, as supplied to Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and for nearly a century acknowledged the best medicine in the world for all disorders of infants, and for bowel complaints in adults. Royal Appointment dated 22nd February, 1844. Sold by Chemists everywhere. [335

CORNS AND BUNIONS. — A Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience. —Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

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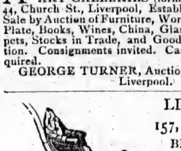

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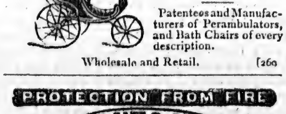
Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

Wholesale and Retail. [260



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PATENT SAFETY MATCHES

THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST

DANGEROUS IMITATIONS

[410

ANDRE FRESCO, SURGEON-DENTIST, Diploma 1843, Certified by the Senior Surgeon of Guy's Hospital and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and by many other eminent medical men. PAINLESS DENTISTRY GUARANTEED. PROTOXIDE OF NITROGEN, or LAUGHING GAS, ADMINISTERED DAILY.

At Home daily. Charges strictly moderate. Consultation free.

No. 1, WEST STREET, FINSBURY CIRCUS.

Opposite the Moorgate Street Railway Station. [545

TO MANAGERS OF PENNY READINGS, &c

MR. C. SULLEY (author of "Penny Readings in Ipswich and Elsewhere") assists in Penny Readings and mixed entertainments, in London and its vicinity, on moderate terms.—Address 7, Arthur Street, Walworth Road.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.—"Mr. Sulley is an admirable reader."—Yarmouth Independent. "He has dramatic talents of no mean order."—Bury Free Press. "Mr. Sulley read 'The May Queen' in a style which did his elocution very great credit, the transition from the joyousness of the first part to the languid quietude of the second being most effective." —Bury Post. "Four readings were given by Mr. Sulley, who secured the warm applause of the audience in every instance."—Essex Standard. "'The Night Mail North' delighted the audience." —Ipswich Journal. "Mr. Sulley caused roars of laughter by reading 'The Lost Heir.'"—Suffolk Chronicle. "Mr. Sulley, the originator of Penny Readings, read 'A Nocturnal Sketch,' and was loudly applauded."—Woodbridge Reporter. "Mr. Sulley has had many imitators but few equals, and may be considered the chief promoter of this agreeable way of popularising our best authors."—Norwich Argus. [549

C. AYLING, late William Smart, Architectural Modeller and Composition Ornament Manufacturer,

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Estimates given on receipt of detailed drawings. [547

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.

Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

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The Archbishop of Dublin.
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Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
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Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds....................................	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799. Incorporated 1826.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

President.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Vice-Presidents.

The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.

The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.

ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.

Treasurer.

SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.

Bankers.

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

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Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.

Insurances effected in all parts of the world.

610] GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

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HAS BEEN AWARDED

TWO GOLD MEDALS

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHERS.

Makes Bread, Pastry, Puddings, &c., light and wholesome. Sold in 1d. and 2d. Packets, also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. [526

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London. [509

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. In use the last 70 Years for INDIGESTION. In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

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GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

INDIGESTION.

The Medical Profession adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE As the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,

THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [511

SILKS from FRANCE.—Dresses at 21s. 6d. each, containing an abundant quantity. Fashionable, plain colours, brocaded and twilled, made of bright silk, with a small portion of wool, just sufficient to make the fabric excellent for wear.

Black Gros Grains and Cords, made of bright Italian silk, with a warranty for wear, wide width, at 3s. 6½d. per yard. An abundant stock of wide Japanese, at 2s. 6½d., in all colours.

J. HARVEY & CO., Lambeth House.

SEAL JACKETS, made of the finest Skins, nicely lined and quilted, at 6½ guineas each. Not to be equalled.

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FRENCH MERINOS, finest quality and double width, at 2s. per yard, in every fashionable colour, navy blue, bottle green, puce, and black. This article is supplied daily in large quantities, and gives entire satisfaction. Patterns sent.

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WIDE VELVETEENS, bright and soft as Silk. Sacrificed at 2s. 6d., usually sold at 4s. per yard. All fashionable colours at 3s. the yard. Patterns sent.

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SATIN CLOTHS, SERGES, & REPS, in all the fashionable colours and black, at 14½d. An abundance of navy blue, bottle green, prune, &c. Patterns sent.

HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House,
Westminster Bridge.

FASHIONABLE VIENNA JACKETS.

A large purchase, including all the varieties of Dogskin, Astrachan, Beaver, Cloth, elaborately braided, and trimmed with satin and velvet, at 14s. 9d. each. Money being the necessity, the manufacturer has sustained a loss of hundreds of pounds by this sale. On view.

HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House,
Westminster Bridge. [560

SUTTON'S HOME GROWN SEEDS Carriage Free.

SUTTON'S £3 3s. Collection of VEGETABLE SEEDS for a large Garden.

SUTTON'S £2 2s. Collection of VEGETABLE SEEDS for an ordinary-sized Garden.

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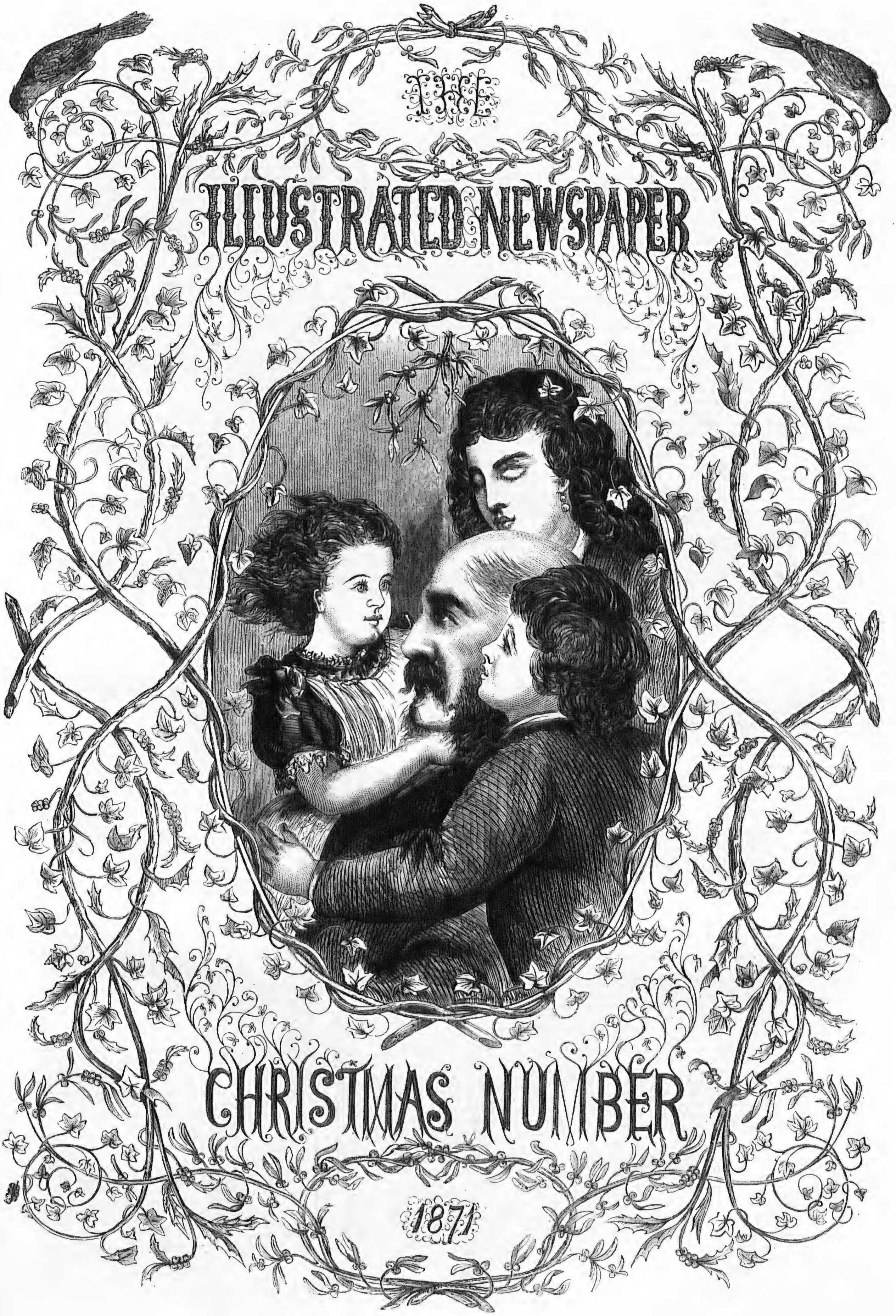
SUTTON'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of SEEDS Gratis and Post Free on application.

SUTTON & SONS, Seedsmen by Special Appointment to the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

ROYAL BERKS SEED ESTABLISHMENT, READING.

Printed by GRANT & COMPANY, at 72-76, Turnmill Street, and Published by them at 102, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—Saturday, December 23, 1871.


THE
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
1871

A DULMINSTER GHOST STORY.

"YOU say you once saw a ghost; well, tell me all about it," said one lady to another a few days ago.

"Yes; it will be four years since when Christmas arrives. Before that I was sceptical on the subject of ghosts. I doubted much, I believed less, and not until I had what I consider substantial proof did I believe in the supernatural. The particulars I shall relate as briefly as possible. Among other invitations which I had received, was one from Mary Ashton, who wished me to spend my Christmas holiday with her at Dulminster Castle. Dulminster, as you know, is in a midland county not far from Derby. Her father was, and is still, the Vicar of the parish; and as there were going to be a bazaar and an amateur concert, the plea for which was a deficit in the funds of the village school, Mary was very anxious that I should go a day or two before these events took place. I accepted her invitation, and when I arrived in the afternoon of a dull December day it was almost dark. The Castle stands on a high ridge of rock, overlooking the village on two sides, there being a deep valley and the approach to the building on the others. It is thus a conspicuous object from every part of the neighbourhood; and seen as I saw it for the first time with the snow on the ground, and lights glimmering from the little windows, had a very ghostly appearance. In the hearty welcome, however, which I received from Mary, who told me that several other friends had arrived, and that a cousin, a young widow, was expected by the same train that conveyed me thither, I soon shook off the unfavourable impression produced by the cold drive from the railway station and the first sight of Dulminster Castle.

"There were about a dozen visitors in the house, besides the younger members of the Vicar's family, who had come home for Christmas holidays. This I discovered when we all met at dinner in the large dining-room. The evening passed pleasantly enough, for the company included two or three excellent singers, one or two who could tell good stories, and between songs and stories, with a visit to the picture gallery, and turning over some portfolios of drawings and engravings, the time sped so rapidly that the hour for retiring soon arrived. I ought to mention that the gallery contained several portraits, mostly of men, whose stern countenances and warlike costumes did not add to the cheeriness of the place. There were also a few representing the female 'heads of the family,' and among these was a face which especially attracted my attention. The Vicar told us that it was a portrait of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, who was for some time a prisoner in the Castle during her English captivity.

"'Of course every castle has its ghost,' said the Vicar, smiling; 'and this one is, or rather was, no exception, for it was so strongly believed by the servants that the little tower on the other side of the courtyard was occasionally visited by Her Majesty, who, it was said, was in the habit of looking through the bars of one of the little windows, that as the only means of inducing the girls to stay here, the father of his lordship, the present owner, had the tower pulled down. To be sure it was not a very pleasant looking spot, and least of all likely to attract a pretty woman, who, nevertheless, to believe all I hear, still keeps untimely hours in that quarter of the premises.'

"It was late before we separated; and when we did so, Mary's cousin had not arrived, but no uneasiness was felt at her absence, as the mail, the only train by which she could come, did not pass Dulminster Junction before midnight. The bedroom allotted to me overlooked the rampart, which in the form of a semi-circle enclosed an inner courtyard and connected the two wings of the building. It was a beautiful moonlight night, calm and clear, and not the faintest breeze stirring. Not feeling disposed to sleep, I sat down by the ample and warm fireside, and took a survey of the old room, which I must admit, with its curiously painted ceiling, its dark panelled walls, its grotesque carvings, and quaint old furniture, was calculated to suggest to nervous people ideas of the supernatural. How long I sat I cannot say, but prompted by a sudden impulse, I threw open a window, and, picking up a shawl, stepped out on to the rampart. Lights were still burning in some of the windows as I walked to the other side of the Castle. These, however, gradually disappeared, and then the only sign of life was the occasional barking of a dog near the main entrance.

"Just after passing a projecting buttress, I was startled by hearing a voice; it sounded quite near to me. I knew that the rooms there were not occupied, and when I suddenly remembered this, a feeling of terror crept over me. My first impulse was to run back to my room; the next, to stand and listen for a repetition of the noise. Before deciding what to do, I heard a suppressed scream; and on looking round, my eyes fell upon a pale face, evidently that of a woman, and identically the same as that in the portrait gallery. Quick as my trembling limbs would bear me, I fled to my room, and although I must have reached it in a few seconds, it seemed a long distance and as if some power held me back. Sick and faint, and fully convinced that the face I had seen was not of earth, I stumbled into the nearest chair and swooned.

"Next day I was unwell, as you may imagine, and kept to my room; yet I was not so ill but that I remembered all the events of the previous night. Thinking that to mention what I had seen would only create alarm among the ladies, excite the mirth of the gentlemen, and that to give such a character to the place would be a bad return for the Vicar's hospitality, I resolved to keep my own counsel.

"On coming down from my room, I found that Mary's cousin had arrived and gone away, somewhat suddenly I thought. The company, one and all, kindly congratulated me on my recovery from the severe cold which they said I must have caught in the course of my long journey to Dulminster. The days passed pleasantly enough, but during the remainder of my stay, Mary was prevailed upon to share my room with me, so nervous had I become from the terror of that night. Indeed, although no friends could have been kinder, right glad I was when the day arrived for bidding adieu to the old place. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"How odd, to be sure."

"What is odd?"

"I am Mary's cousin—the same you refer to."

"Indeed. I am delighted to make your acquaintance"——

"These words express just what I feel. It is true I left the Castle suddenly, and I am afraid the Vicar was not pleased. However, it is all explained now."

"What is explained? Why do you laugh?"

"Well, I am sorry to deprive you of being able to say that you have seen a ghost. I was the pale-looking lady whom you saw from the rampart. I discover this while finding that the visitor I espied from my chamber was not supernatural, as I thought, and whose unexpected appearance so terrified me that I resolved to quit the Castle without delay. It was thus we did not meet. Had we met, the matter might have been cleared up earlier. In short, you thought I was a ghost, and I thought you were one; and now, after nearly four years, we both find we have been deceived."

"It is, as you say, very odd. I wonder how many ghostly experiences rest on no better foundation?"

"I wonder."

W. PICKERING.

A BALL IN GREENLAND.

OUR short stay at Julianashaab and vicinity was altogether most agreeable. At length, however, we were prepared for departure, but the only pilot of the place was that day occupied with bringing in the Danish ship, the arrival of which has left a strong impression on my mind, since it made the isolation of the Danes who dwell there so apparent. When the announcement was made that the ship was in the offing, the excitement was at first intense; and the hours of the day, while the ship was coming up the fiord with baffling winds, were anxious ones. The vessel proved to be the *Tjalfe*, one of the best of the company's vessels—a brig of three hundred tons, and taut and tidy as a man-of-war. I had a visit from the master in the morning, and was rejoiced to find in him an old friend, to whom, in 1855, when I had escaped with Dr. Kane from the abandoned brig *Advance*, I was indebted for many serviceable attentions—Captain Amonsden, one of the most tried and trustworthy servants of the Royal Company. Upon going ashore in the morning with Captain Amonsden, I was pleased to learn that all the letters brought good news. We found every body in a perfect wilderness of papers, books, packages, and boxes containing every conceivable thing that thoughtful friends would think of sending to cheer and gladden lives that must be at times overwhelmed with loneliness. It was very touching to see these evidences of remembrances scattered about, and very gratifying to be partakers of the general joy. Photographs were there by the dozen: one of a little stranger that had come into the world within the twelvemonth, and sent his compliments and his picture; another of a newly married couple, who looked peculiarly happy for people who had been married nearly six months, and sent their picture in proof of it; another was from an aged mother; another from a brother who had gone into the army; another from a boy at school. I went from house to house, and everywhere it was the same. Happiness was universal; and it really seemed as if solitude might be "sweet society," if retirement brought such occasional bliss; only the retirement of a year for the sake of the emotion is a little too much for ordinary mortals. As for the people in general, they were delighted beyond expression. Nothing but the pressure of actual starvation could possibly have induced any hunter to go out at such a time. Shouting and singing were the order of the day. The little harbour was alive with their cunning little craft, shooting hither and thither; the boatmen indulging themselves in the most ludicrous sport and gesture, by way of exhibiting their satisfaction, not only at the arrival of the Danish ship, but that two vessels were in the harbour at one time—a sight which they had never seen before. Then, to cap the climax, when evening came they must have a dance. Everybody was invited, and, of course, none of the sailors of the two ships made any objection to a frolic of that nature. They did not share the people's delight in the least: they would be glad enough, on the other hand, to be anywhere else almost; but a dance! what sailor could resist that? And as for our officers and passengers, all were alike ready for a little fun to break the monotony of life, either as actors or spectators, and willing to take a hand in anything that might be turning up. I asked the governor if there was nothing to be feared from letting two ships' companies loose among the peaceful villagers when there were no police to take rude fellows into custody. "Oh, no," he answered; "not in the least; let them come. If the men are rude, the women will take care of themselves, I promise you; and if not, they have big brothers plenty. Have no fear; there are no more modest women in the world than ours, and sailors are naturally quick to detect honesty, and, when found, to respect it." So a dance was arranged for—or a "ball," as our people facetiously called it. The carpenter's shop was secured for the occasion, and a neighbouring shed for the supper-room, and the preparations went on all the afternoon. The orchestra of Julianashaab, consisting of a dilapidated keg with heads of tanned seal hide, and a cracked fiddle, was secured, and all was ready by eight o'clock, when I went down to see the opening. The decorations of the ball-room in the way of flags and Danish and American bunting generally were astonishing to the natives. Candles were stuck around the room in reckless profusion. Maria (our stroke-oar of a previous occasion) had about a bushel of coffee, which she was roasting and boiling in the shed. The whole village was in commotion. Women in red boots, women in white boots, women in green and yellow boots, were hurrying to the ball-room from every quarter. They had all turned out in their very best, and some of the toilets were, to say the least, "stunning." Boots, beads, pantaloons, and ribbons were all of the gayest and the finest. The maidens and matrons of Julianashaab sustained the credit of their sex. And they showed, too, that they were conscious of appearing to better advantage than usual, for they looked about with less timidity than on ordinary occasions, as if to say, "Look at me *now*, and see what I *can* do when a great occasion makes it worth my while!" Several of them were pretty and quite stylish, and certainly this is saying much, for their peculiar style of costume is rather trying to the ordinary female figure. As for dancing, no costume could possibly be more suitable, and when on the floor its advantages were quite apparent, for I have rarely seen dancers that were not light and graceful in their movements. I would not, however, be understood to recommend the dress, even in the present dearth of new cuts from Paris, for general adoption outside of Greenland. The confidence with which the ladies approached the ball-room seemed to forsake them when they got inside, and there awaited the men; for the moment they had passed the door they darted to the remotest corner, where they all huddled together as close as they could pack themselves, like a flock of frightened sheep run one by one into a pen. The men did not keep them long in this state of timid embarrassment; but they seemed, however, to be in no very particular hurry, sauntering along quite leisurely, with their hands in their pockets, and short clay pipes in their mouths. Most of them were capless, and none of them seemed to have thought of "dressing" for the occasion, except the parliamentarians, who, out of respect for their own dignity, as I suppose, wore the official scarlet on their heads—royal emblems, gold-lace, and all—a top-covering which, taken into account with their Guernsey frocks, broad suspenders, and sealskin pantaloons coming up under the armpits, made a style of official get-up not, I fancy, to be seen in any other country. Yet the Lord Chancellor wears his frizzled wig, and why not their scarlet caps? The sailors came ashore from the two ships, jabbering away at one another quite frantically in Danish and English, and the officers and passengers came likewise, to take a hand in the entertainment. But where was Concordia the while? and where was the Prince? for they were to open the ball. The question was asked repeatedly, and as often remained unanswered. Whispers began to pass around the room. Had there been an elopement? Marcus was there, trying hard to look unconcerned by smoking a short clay pipe, and keeping his fists in their usual place of safety. Everybody seemed to look to him for explanation. At length the mystery was cleared up, and very suddenly, for the Prince came bounding into the room, holding Concordia by the hand. The arrival created a great sensation. Concordia was literally dazzling. The Prince had clearly been assisting at her toilet. She was covered with beads and jewellery. A magnificent plaid shawl, which the Prince had been sporting through the voyage, and which had two days before suddenly disappeared, now reappeared in the shape of a jaunty jacket, trimmed with eider-down, on Concordia's graceful shoulders. And what shining pantaloons of the softest silver seal-skin! what spotless snow-white boots inclosed her dainty little feet! But the Prince! Oh, what a stunning get up, to be sure! Sea-boots, matching Concordia's for length, if not in purity of colour; a bright scarf across his shoulders and around his waist; a Scotch cap with a dissipated feather in it. What a picture for a ball-room! No wonder that Marcus grew several shades lighter in colour; no wonder that his pipe fell from his mouth and broke in pieces on the floor; no wonder that he stole out of the room, as if the place were too hot for him, and was seen no more in the ball-room that night! "Strike up!" shouted the Prince, bringing down a sea-boot on the floor. Rat-tat-a-tat" went the keg, "cr-r-r-p, cr-r-r-p, cr-r-r-p" went the cracked fiddle, and then both went in to do their best and win; but the keg having got the lead, kept it, and the cracked fiddle was nowhere. When both had got well warmed up in the race, the Prince brought down his sea-boot again, making the old carpenter shop fairly quake and tremble; then, with a shout which was probably taken for an American war-whoop, he seized Concordia by the waist, others followed this agreeable example with their chosen partners, and never did "Pop goes the weasel" do duty before to such a whirl as followed. The ball was opened. The Prince and Concordia had gracefully done their duty, and satisfied the public expectation. They had given countenance to the revelry, and the revelry went on. To say that it never stopped would be to exaggerate; but to say that it never would have stopped had there been something of what Dick Swiveller called the "rosy," might possibly be to keep the truth within proper bounds. The revellers certainly made "a night of it," if a night ever was made in a Greenland summer. As it was, the coffee had all been given ont, a whole box of tobacco had disappeared, the keg had resolved itself into its original staves, and the cracked fiddle had but one string left, and that had been twice tied, when the ladies, with their beautiful boots all knocked out of shape, began to drag their weary bodies off to their huts, and the sailors, with their coats on their arms, hailed for boats. Meanwhile much consternation had been produced by a report which was set in circulation that a parliamentarian had danced himself away all but his cap, and a girl had in like manner disappeared all but a ribbon. The consternation was allayed, however, when it was discovered that the two had stolen away together, and were getting married at the parson's. Marcus never showed himself in public after his discomfiture. But I saw him crouching in the shadow of a rock, where he could look through the door, and catch an occasional glimpse of his lady-love as she swung round in the Prince's arms. He beckoned me to him, and whispered in my ear, pointing to the festive room, from which the bright light was streaming out into the night: "He no good. Me" (pointing to his breast) "son of headman of Bungitak." Then he smiled placidly, and drew himself deep within the shadow of the rock, and I went my way on board.—*From "The Old Norse Colonies of Greenland," in the Atlantic Monthly for December*.

UNDER THE MOON.

"A Very Strange Story Indeed."

Again was Christmas cheering and making gay a thousand hearts and homes, drawing round the ruddy hearthstones eager folk to join in the good old song or listen to graveyard tales of ghosts and goblins grim, and all the wonderful traditions that the merry monarch brings from the land of the North Wind from year to year. Frost fairies were spreading their flimsy carpets over many windows and decking the trees with icy wreaths. Friends and relatives were welcoming each other with kisses to the mistletoe bough, and the Christmas bells were singing songs of gladness. Cabs bustled from railway stations laden with hampers and boxes full of presents. Hundreds were turning towards home with beaming faces and light hearts to forget for a while the miserable din of outward life. It was a dreary night; the wind shrieked in the air and wrestled with the housetops and spires of a great city. Shops were decorated with paper flags and evergreens, and in the windows curious little men dangled on Christmas trees. Preparations were going on everywhere to welcome the happy season when all rejoice, both rich and poor. At such a time and in such a place a very pale and miserable-looking little boy hurried along by the dazzling windows of plenty. Never mind who he was. He passed through many streets, and on he walked until small houses took the place of stone mansions, and narrow lanes of wide thoroughfares. At length entering a smoky lane he passed into a yard and halted before the door of a wretched-looking house. In the window was a coal-sack for a blind, and a broken plate served for a pane of glass. He put his eye to the key-hole and then went in—not in the key-hole, but in the house. There was a dusty table in the middle of the room, but nothing on it save a bottle and some dead flies. At one side sat a grey-haired man, whilst crouched on the floor was his partner in life and wretchedness. The man asked the boy what he had gained?—what money, what bread? The boy answered by taking from his pocket some dirty pieces of cake and a few coppers. The old man, grumbling, shared the food with his wife, and they devoured it like hungry animals. The boy was then ordered to bed, which was composed of some coarse wrapping in one corner of the room. The poor lad, though starved and hungry, obeyed the summons without a murmur. By the glimmer of the fire he could see from his hard couch all that took place in the dark room, and, as sleep forsook him, he watched the movements of the old man. Sometimes he thought of the strangeness of his home, and his mind wandered to the halls of good cheer, where Christmas brought happiness. Ere long the woman rose and shrugged her shoulders. She held her hands to the fire and turned a sleepy glance at her husband. "Jem, I'll to bed," she said; "it's cold, and getting late. Pray don't sit there a' night." So saying, she passed up a narrow staircase, and disappeared, The man scarce noticed her, but sat looking at the smoke as it rushed up the chimney. He moved his head towards the lad, who appeared to be asleep. "I have known no peace," he muttered, "Sin' I took yon lad. I remember it well. It was on such a night as this eight year ago. He was a bright-faced youngster fresh from home, but his father gave me gold to take him away. I wonder if it was his father. Ay, 'tis eight year ago. He comes here often at night to see the lad, but he is unknown to me. 'Tis strange. He tempts me with gold to murder the child! Oh! 'tis terrible in my old age to murder the one that begs the bread to keep me alive. Yet, I may not starve. I must live, and he—must die! It shall be so before another day be passed—another day; to-morrow, to-morrow." Shaking his head dismally, he crept upstairs. When all was still the trembling lad arose. He was not happy. He did not think Christmas so jolly as some people do. He was starving with cold, and tried to warm himself by the dying embers left in the grate, scarce daring to stay in the house, though knowing not what course to take if he left it. He was frightened, for he had overheard a strange story—"a very strange story indeed." He had lived in misery and want, but now life was something to dread and shudder at. He stood for awhile as one spell-tied listening to the bells that ring out their songs of "Peace on earth, good-will to men." To stay in the house was death—to go from it was starvation. He summoned up courage and decided to leave the city at once. In another moment he had opened the door and was in the frosty air outside; it was a night for witches! The wind howled as though it would drag up the tiny houses and hurl them at the moon. Whew! whew! it went, driving the sleet through the air and piling up the snow in heaps against the house sides. He passed clusters of men, women and children singing their carols, and often he turned to think and listen.

These good people sang
  Songs devout and sweet,
Whilst the rafters rang,
  There they stood with freezing feet.

He plodded on until he was in the country 'mid trees and fields. Often he came to cottages by the roadside where he could hear the revelry of those inside, and the hearty songs cheered him on his way. He overtook an old woman, and asked her in a faltering voice how far he had to walk before he came to the next village. "It's many miles and the road lonely and dangerous," she replied. "If you are weary, I can give you food and shelter for the night, and we have not far to go." Sincerely he thanked her, and felt that Providence was helping him along. They continued the journey together. They had a brook to cross, but it was frozen, and they easily passed over it. He had gone many miles along the dismal road, and was thankful this good woman had fallen in his way. The wind had spent its rage and stillness lulled all to sleep. The heavens were bright with myriads of stars, the hedges were clad in robes of crystal, and all was calm and beautiful. The country became rocky and mountainous, and from the bare wet crags hung clusters of icicles sparkling like streams of diamonds, for the moon was high in the heavens looking down with a white strange stare on the earth. In a few minutes they came to a rock standing alone. The woman led the way round to the other side and entered a small cave. The lad, hesitating, followed her. There was some wood blazing on the floor, and in a corner was a bundle of straw. He was startled at being brought to such a lonely place. However, there was food and warmth, which were great blessings after exposure to cold and hunger. The actions of his companion were not those of ordinary women, nor was her abode after the fashion of mortals—in a cavern, amidst the desolate mountains. After a long pause she spoke to him. "Be not afraid," she said; "but know that I am Hagel, with power from Hecate to tell the secrets of the past and future." As she spoke, the cave became a vast and dazzling palace, glittering with many lights and myriads of precious stones that lined the walls. At the far end of the enchanted place flowed a shining stream, reflecting the many colours of the beautiful wonders around. He was lost in wonderment, but not afraid. She raised her hand, and at the other side of the stream appeared a pretty village. It was night and lights shone from the cottage windows. Service was going on in the village church, and he could hear the choir chanting their psalms of praise. In the church porch stood a tall thin man who was heard to say, "He is dying—dying at last. When young Hugh is out of the way the whole estate of Twistoak is mine. He must leave church, but he must never reach home." People were then seen departing from the church, and going in various directions. The witch pointed out a boy whom she called Hugh Farren, heir to the Twistoak estate. Hugh went hand in hand with his sister Ellen, the nurse being behind them. The tall man followed, and as they were passing over a field he took the child in his arms, jumped over a hedge, and disappeared. The scene also disappeared, and nothing was seen but the stream gushing through the place. "That," said Hagel, "is the past. I will now show thee the future." She pointed in the direction of the stream again, and another vision appeared. It was morning. There was the same ivy-clad church, and the same village. The bells were ringing and the snow was falling. There was the Twistoak estate in all its pride. When he saw it he seemed to know it, and the word "Home" was on his lips. He could even see into one of the rooms of the fine old hall, and there were his friends—his father, mother, brother, and sister. He was acquainted with all he saw so well that he seemed never to have left the spot. "There," said Hagel, "I have discharged the duty laid upon me. There is thy home, and thy friends are waiting to receive thee—go, and be happy." Hagel and the beautiful cave disappeared, and the youthful adventurer, very dizzy, found himself on the hearthrug in the sitting-room. He had been reading a comic paper, and the jokes had made him sad. He had fallen out of his chair asleep, and considering how close his head was to the fire the wonder is that his dream was not more fearful.

There was some difficulty in writing this story, and considerable difficulty at the end. It was not intended that the tale should end as a dream, but the author having got his hero into a cave of no ordinary description in company with a woman of similar character, it was found impossible to get him out again by any other process.

THE GOSPEL OF THE PRESS.

("MY WIFE AND I." BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.)

Having thus provided against being drawn down and utterly swamped in the bread-and-subsistence struggle that was before me, I sought to gain a position in connection with some paper in New York. I had offers under consideration from several of them. The conductors of the *Moral Spouting Horn* had conversed with me touching their projects, and I had also been furnishing letters for the *Great Democracy*, and one of the proprietors had invited me to a private dinner, I suppose for the purpose of looking me over and trying my paces before he concluded to purchase me. Mr. Goldstick was a florid, middle-aged man, with a slightly bald head, an easy portliness of manner, and that air of comfortable patronage which men who are up in the world sometimes carry towards young aspirants. It was his policy and his way to put himself at once on a footing of equality with them—easy, jolly, and free; justly thinking that thereby he gained a more unguarded insight into the inner citadel of their nature, and could see in the easy play of their faculties just about how much they could be made to answer his purposes. I had a chatty, merry dinner of it, and found all my native shyness melting away under his charming affability. In fact, during the latter part of the time, I almost felt that I could have told him anything that I could have told my own mother. What did we not talk about that is of interest in these stirring times? Philosophy, history, science, religion, life, death, and immortality—all received the most graceful off-hand treatment, and were discussed with a singular unanimity of sentiment—that unanimity which always takes place when the partner in a discussion has the controlling purpose to be of the same mind as yourself. When, under the warm and sunny air of this genial nature, I had fully expanded, and confidence was in full blossom, came the immediate business conversation in relation to the paper. "I am rejoiced," said Mr. Goldstick, "in these days of scepticism, to come across a young man with real religious convictions. I am not, I regret to say, a religious professor myself, but I appreciate it, Mr. Henderson, as the element most wanting in our modern life." Here Mr. Goldstick sighed and rolled up his eyes, and took a glass of wine. I felt encouraged in this sympathetic atmosphere to unfold to him my somewhat idealised views of what might be accomplished by the daily press, by editors as truly under moral vows and consecrations as the clergyman who ministered at the altar. He caught the idea from me with enthusiasm, and went on to expand it with a vigour and richness of imagery, and to illustrate it with a profusion of incidents, which left me far behind him, gazing after him with reverential admiration. "Mr. Henderson," said he, "the *Great Democracy* is not primarily a money-making enterprise—it is a great moral engine; it is for the great American people, and it contemplates results which look to the complete regeneration of society." I ventured here to remark that the same object had been stated to me by the *Moral Spouting Horn*. His countenance assumed at once an expression of intense disgust. "Is it possible," he said, "that the charlatan has been trying to get hold of you? My dear fellow," he added, drawing near to me with a confidential air, "of course I would be the last man to infringe on the courtesies due to my brethren of the press, and you must be aware that our present conversation is to be considered strictly confidential." I assured him with fervour that I should consider it so. "Well, then," he said, "between ourselves, I may say that the *Moral Spouting Horn* is a humbug. On mature reflection," he added, "I don't know but duty requires me to go further, and say, in the strictest confidence, you understand, that I consider the *Moral Spouting Horn* a swindle." Here it occurred to me that the same communication had been made, in equal confidence, by the proprietor of the *Moral Spouting Horn* in relation to the *Great Democracy*. But, much as I was warmed into confidence by the genial atmosphere of my friend, I had still enough prudence to forbear making this statement. "Now," said he, "my young friend, in devoting yourself to the service of the *Great Democracy*, you may consider yourself as serving the cause of God and mankind in ways that no clergyman has an equal chance of doing. Beside the press, sir, the pulpit is *effete*. It is, so to speak," he added, with a sweep of the right hand, "nowhere. Of course the responsibilities of conducting such an organ are tremendous—tremendous," he added, reflectively; as I looked at him with awe; "and that is why I require in my writers, above all things, the clearest and firmest moral convictions. Sir, it is a critical period in our history; there is an amount of corruption in this nation that threatens its dissolution; the church and the pulpit have proved entirely inadequate to stem it. It rests with the press." There was a solemn pause, in which nothing was heard but the clink of the decanter on the glass, as he poured ont another glass of wine. "It is a great responsibility," I remarked, with a sigh. "Enormous!" he added, with almost a groan, eyeing me sternly. "Consider," he went on, "the evils of the tremendously corrupted literature which is now being poured upon the community. Sir, we are fast drifting to destruction—it is a solemn fact. The public mind must be aroused and strengthened to resist; they must be taught to discriminate; there mnst be a just standard of moral criticism no less than of intellectual, and that must be attended to in our paper." I was delighted to find his views in such accordance with my own, and assured him that I should be only too happy to do what I could to forward them. "We have been charmed and delighted," he said, "with your contributions hitherto. They have a high moral tone, and have been deservedly popular, and it is our desire to secure you as a stated contributor in a semi-editorial capacity, looking towards future developments. We wish that it were in our power to pay a more liberal sum than we can offer; but you must be aware, Mr. Henderson, that great moral enterprises must always depend, in a certain degree, on the element of self-sacrifice in its promoters." I reflected, at this moment, on my father's life, and assented with enthusiasm—remarking that, "if I could only get enough to furnish me with the necessaries of life, I should be delighted to go into the glorious work with him, and give to it the whole enthusiasm of my soul." "You have the right spirit, young man," he said. "It is delightful to witness this freshness of moral feeling." And thus, before our interview was closed, I had signed a contract of service to Mr. Goldstick, at very moderate wages, but my heart was filled with exulting joy at the idea of the possibilities of the situation. I was young and ardent. I did not, at this moment, want to make money so much as to make myself felt in the great world. It was the very spirit of Phæton; I wanted to have a hand on the reins, and a touch of the whip, and guide the fiery horses of Progress. I had written stories, and sung songs, but I was not quite content with those. I wanted the anonymous pulpit of the editor to speak in, the opportunity of being the daily invisible companion and counsellor of thousands about their daily paths. The offer of Mr. Goldstick, as I understood it, looked that way, and I resolved to deserve so well of him, by unlimited devotion to the interests of the paper, that he should open my way before me.

The Vatican and the Italian Guard.—The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Rome, Dec. 10th, says, as to the affair of the Italian guard who ordered the Pope's Swiss and Monsignor de Mérode to retire from the window of the Belvedere, out of which they were looking, I hear that Cardinal Antonelli has written to all the representatives of the Holy See abroad, requiring them to ask the Governments to which they are accredited to demand explanations from the Government of Italy. Nevertheless, we may hope that this incident will not have any further result. The Italian Government has determined to abolish the guards round the Vatican. They were established by General Cadorna after the 20th of September, 1870, for the security of the Pope himself, who was openly menaced by the populace.

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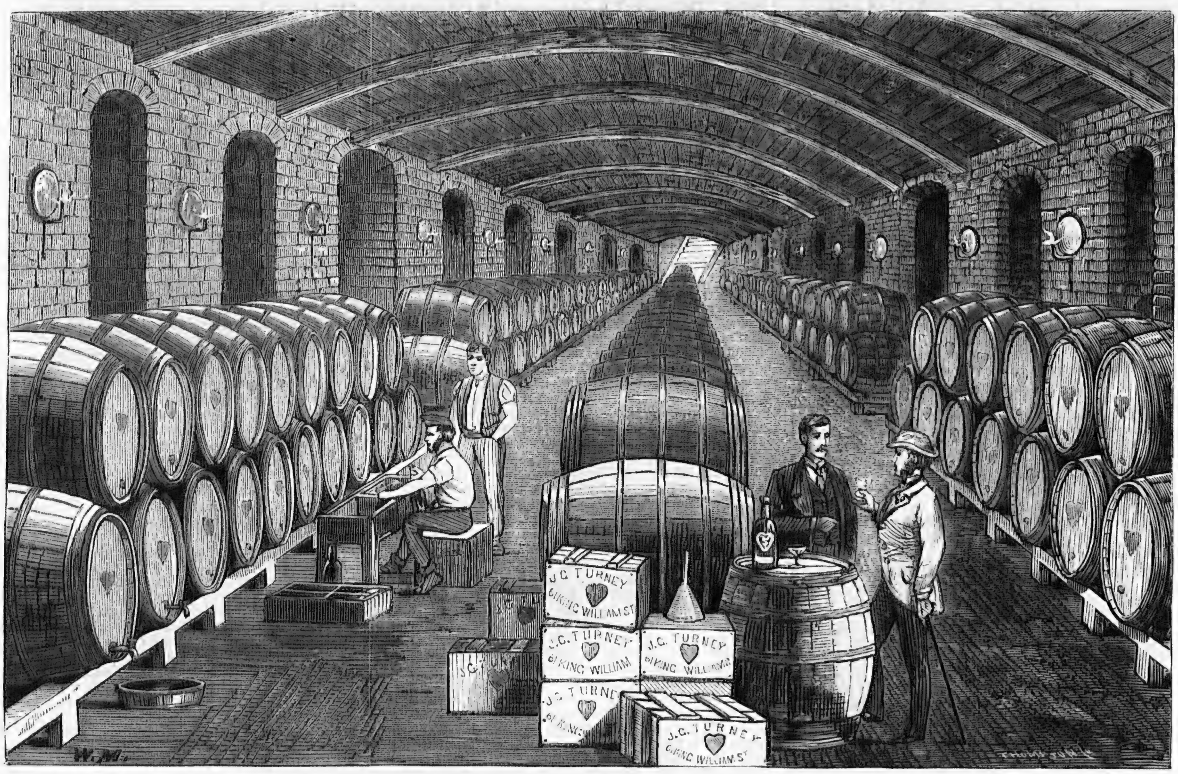
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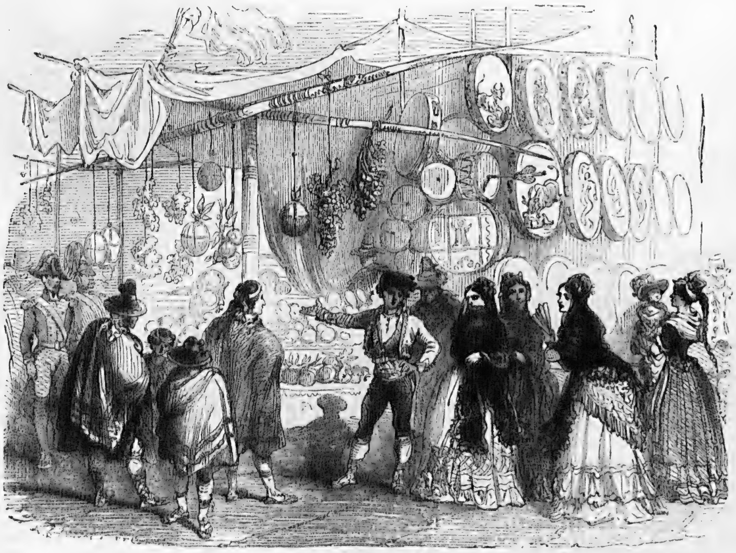

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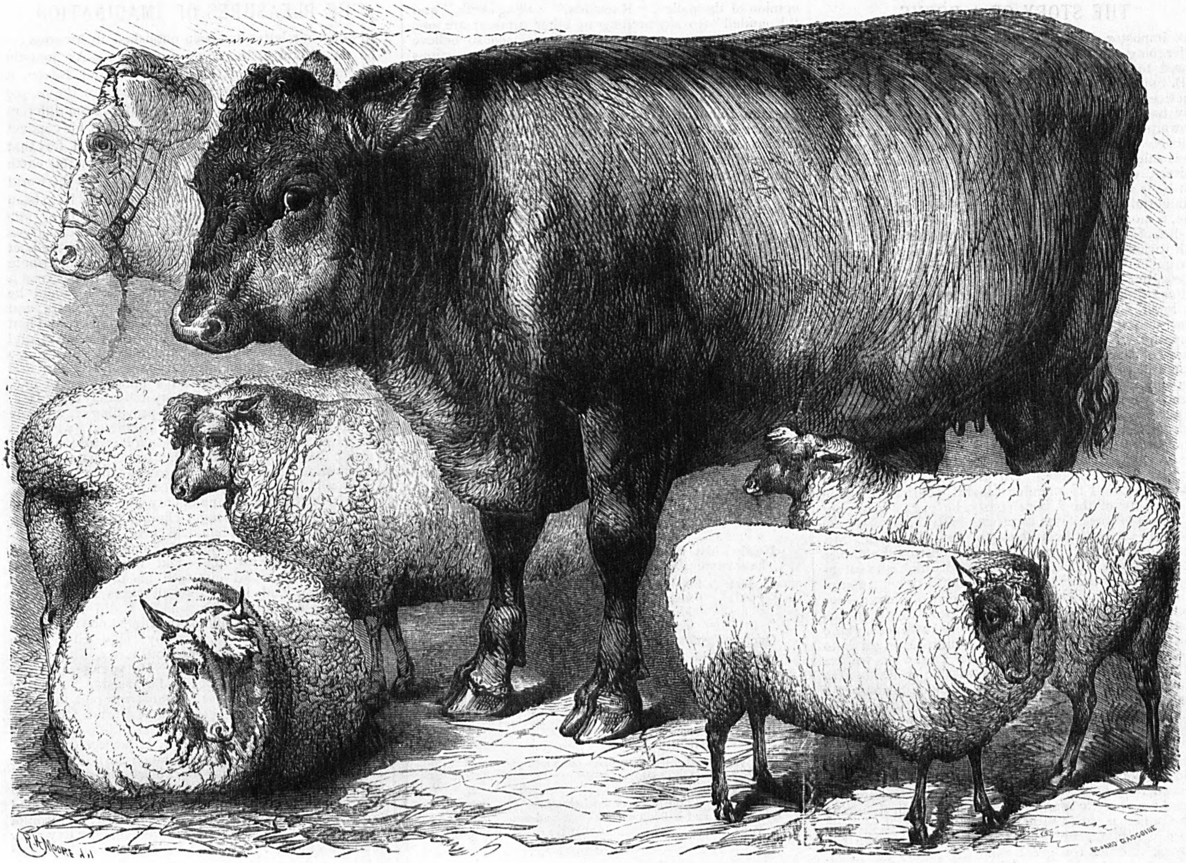
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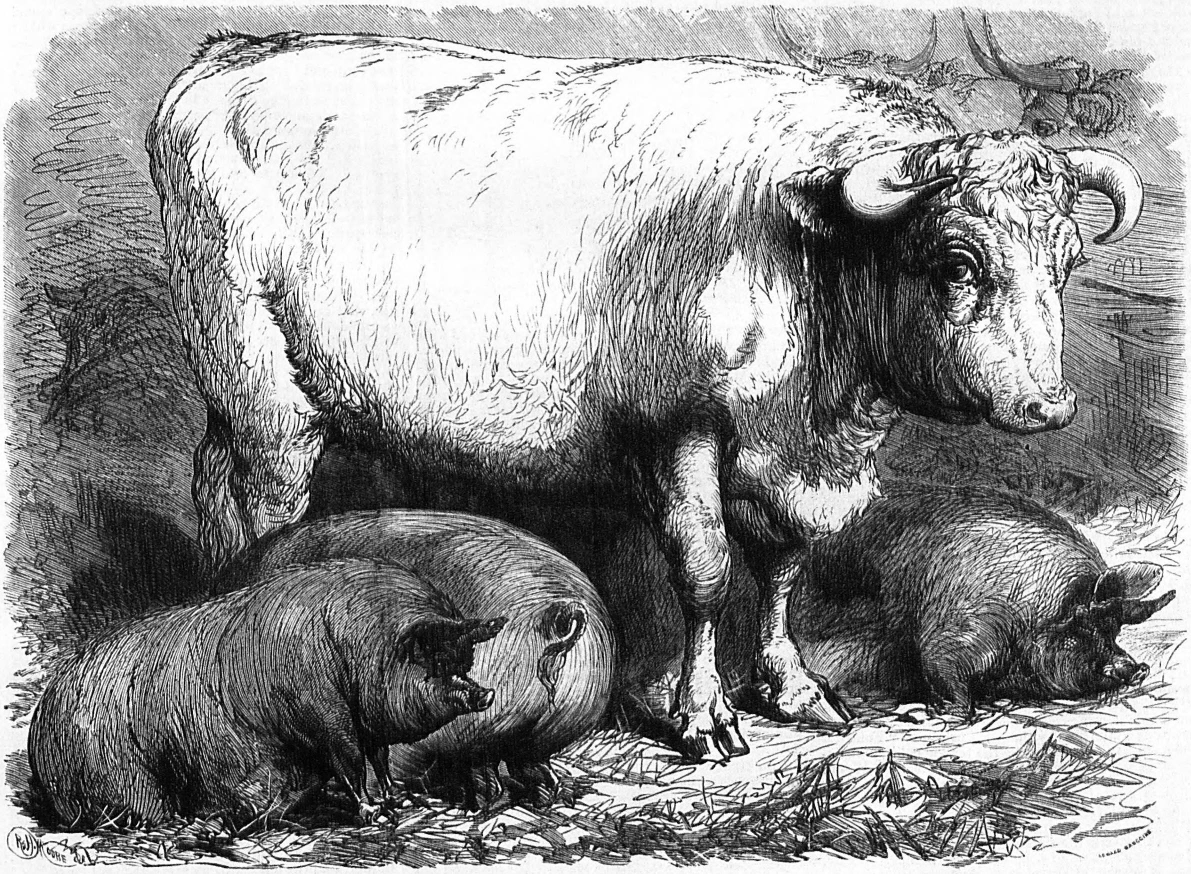
FAT BEASTS AT THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW.


EDWARD GASCOINE

FAT BEASTS AT THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW.

THE STORY OF A ROGUE.

THE impostor, Joseph Lockwood Bulmer, who is now undergoing a term of imprisonment for having endeavoured to obtain money under false pretences from Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P., appears to have carried on his malpractices for a long series of years, and to have successfully used the names of a large number of our best-known public men in the various schemes which he has concocted for the purpose of defrauding the public. He is said to be a medical man by profession, and his address, correspondence, and mode of procedure show that he is a person of education and ability. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a more daring and, at the same time, a more artful rogue has ever been caught in the meshes of the law. He not only made himself acquainted with various public movements which were popular with a large class of people to whom he could obtain ready access, but he manufactured other committees or associations which from the very nature of their objects, and the reputation of the men who were supposed to be associated with them could not fail to excite public sympathy. His subscription books were filled with the names of benevolent persons who were certain to be favourable to the schemes with which their names were thus cleverly identified. In the field of national benevolence peers and bishops, members of Parliament of all parties, and ministers of every denomination, were made to figure side by side, and the subscriptions with which they were credited corresponded with the amounts, large or small, which each individual might naturally be expected to contribute. On the other hand, when Bulmer proposed to plunder Liberal politicians, or the rank and file of the Liberal party, he put forward only the names of those firms or private individuals who were known to attach themselves to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, or Mr. Mill; and, in fact, he inserted the names of two of these gentlemen in the fund which was ostensibly raised for the benefit of General Perronet Thompson's family. Lord Derby and the Bishop of Manchester, together with many other notabilities, figure in his subscription lists, which were, in some instances, made up of signatures sufficiently resembling the originals to deceive an ordinary observer. Lord Derby has written to Captain Torrens, the chief constable of Salford, to denounce the use which has been made of his name as a forgery, but there is reason to fear that some of the sums entered in Bulmer's collecting books were actually received by him from the persons whom he has paraded as "decoy ducks." The web of fraud is so involved that it will take both time and labour to disentangle it, and to make clear the subtle line which has to be drawn between forgery and fraud. To crown all, Bulmer was careful never to carry on his impostures within the limits of the police jurisdiction in which he resided—a circumstance which accounts for the long impunity he has enjoyed, and for the great difficulty of his detection. Bulmer was clearly a man of the world, who made society a profound subject of investigation; and who, in planning and executing his frauds, was perpetually on his guard against possible contingencies. He levied his black mail principally in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bradford, Oldham, Rochdale, and London; his chief arena being, as the enumeration of these places implies, in the manufacturing districts of the kingdom. He raised imposture to the rank of a science; and that he was caught at last was not so much owing to any mistakes he made, as to the unwearied persistence of the chief constable of Salford, and to the detective skill of Mr. J. B. Smith.

There is reason to believe that Joseph Lockwood Bulmer is identical with the man who imitated the circulars of the Jamaica Committee, and called upon many gentlemen in the north of England in the fictitious character of agent for that association. More recently he issued circulars professedly on behalf of a fund for Mrs. G. W. Gordon, the name of Sir Charles Dilke being published as treasurer, and his own appearing as "T. S. Roundell, secretary." As Mr. C. S. Roundell, the secretary of the Jamaica Royal Commission, was put forward as a member of the committee, his motive for adopting a similar surname is sufficiently obvious. The same trick appears in the General Thompson circular—"James Illingworth, Esq., East-lodge, Leamington," figures as "honorary secretary," while among the committee occurs the name of "Alfred Illingworth, M.P.," who, it may be added, was induced by a man exactly answering to Bulmer's description to part with a substantial sum of money intended for the Mrs. Gordon fund, but which, of course, found its way into the swindler's own pocket. Some of these circulars having fallen into Captain Torrens' hands, he speedily discovered that no such person as "James Illingworth, Esq.," lived at Leamington; and this fact, with others, became a means of putting the police on the right track.

It is believed that the same rogue drew up a circular appealing for funds in the name of the Land Tenure Reform Association. The circular is headed with the name of Mr. Mill. Then follows a list of the general council, with Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., as treasurer; Colonel T. A. Cowper as hon. secretary; and Mr. H. Evans as secretary. The public are informed that the committee are anxious to raise a special fund of from three to four thousand pounds, "in order to enable them to instruct the public mind on this most important subject, during the recess, by lectures, dissemination of tracts, and others means." With this enlightened object in view, the aforesaid secretary, Mr. H. Evans, "has been appointed to visit the principal manufacturing and commercial centres." Another undertaking launched by the same firm is a "Fund for the benefit of the sufferers by the terrific colliery explosion at Moss Pits, near Wigan." Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., Sir R. T. Gerard, Bart., Nathaniel Eckersley, Esq., and the Mayor of Wigan, are announced as trustees of the fund, and Mr. Maskell W. Peace, the Town Clerk of Wigan, its hon. secretary. The circular states, that in order to give to the sufferers "a little above the parish allowance, a sum of £15,000 would be required." Mr. James Ramsden, of Derby-road, Bootle, near Liverpool, is described as "The only authorised collector." In the opinion of the police, "Ramsden," "Illingworth," and "Roundell" (to say nothing of other aliases) are one and the same person. There is also reason to believe that a "fund for the sufferers by the political evictions in Wales," and one for "the sufferers by the Todmorden floods," originated in the same quarter. Enough, however, has been stated to show that in laying hands upon the man Bulmer the chief constable of Salford and the member for Stockport have rendered the State good service; and that a cunningly designed and mischievous system of fraud and rascality has been dragged to light not a day too soon.—*Daily News.*

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon,
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread,
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
In town
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar.
"What's that? The glimmering thread once more!"

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She had never heard the great wind blare.

—*George Macdonald, in "Good Words for the Young," December.*

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—The week opened with a sharp frost accompanied by a thick foggy atmosphere. Monday brought a white frost, seven degrees registered. Wind S.W. Thermometer thirty-five degrees at eleven o'clock a.m. There was a change in the afternoon, rain having fallen. Thermometer forty-one degrees. Tuesday was a damp foggy day, though the sun occasionally gleamed out. From the East Riding of Yorkshire: "Weather still winterly, but the frost not so severe; the last day or two has been thaw during the day, with frost at night. Farmers appear now to thrash more freely, the condition of the grain is better, and as out-door labour is almost at a standstill, it is more than probable than the agricultural markets will be now more freely supplied than at any period since harvest." Wednesday was very damp, wind S.W., thermometer forty-four degrees. On Thursday the atmosphere was very damp, with slight rain at noon. Friday was a favourable day, though at times hazy. Wind W., thermometer forty-five degrees, and later forty-eight degrees, and wind S.W., barometer very high." From the West Riding of Yorkshire: "The frost has again disappeared, and the land is in better condition for working; as should the weather keep fine during the next week a great breadth of land will be sown, for farmers have not half their wheat in yet, owing to the changeableness of the weather." Saturday was a very dull day, with slight rain at times. Thermometer forty-eight degrees; wind S.W. Dec. 16th.—*Mark-lane Express.*

RED HEART RUM.—This celebrated spirit is really old, genuine, and free from the noxious adulterations practised upon rum. *Vide medical and other reports*:—"The best and oldest rum yet known." Price 42s. per case. J. G. Turney, 61, King William Street, City. Red Heart Rum. RUM (*vide Medical Press*).—"Many people who find rum disagree with them will be surprised, if they try this, to observe it has none of the objectionable qualities they attach to rum; time has sufficed to remove them." Price 42s. per case. J. G. Turney, 61, King William Street, City.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

THE following letter has been published in America:—"To the Editor of the *Oregonian*. Sir,—As Joaquin Miller is now expected to arrive in Portland, I deem it my duty to say a few words in his behalf to the people of Oregon. I have received many letters from different sources requesting me to disclose as much of his conduct towards his children as I will. Although I feel that these things concern no one on the face of the earth but my children and me, still he belongs to the world now, and I have remained silent until remarks have been carried so far as to make my children subjects of idle gossip, and deem it right now to ask a truce to charges and accusations, and request of you to behold the poet and receive him in a manner that will give due tribute to his genius and success. Mr. Miller has earned a fame, and an appreciation of his efforts should be awarded him. He is a man of literary culture and research, he has read constantly, industriously, and had command of the very best of literature, ancient and modern. It had been his sole ambition for years to go to Europe and acquire a literary fame. He felt, and justly, that he was gifted, and his mind being of fine, poetic structure, and his brain very delicately organised, the coarse and practical duties of providing for a family and the annoyance of children conflicted with his dreams and literary whims. So, when he wrote me, that he would be absent in Europe five or six years, and in the meantime I need not expect to hear from him often, as he should be very busy, I asked for and obtained a divorce in the Courts of Lane County, and your singer was loosed and free, and no longer chained to the annoying cares of a family. He could give his whole attention to his poems. I myself sympathise with him in his desire to have time and money to 'tamper with the muses' and cultivate his taste and talent for literature, and I feel that all poets and authors will also sympathise with him. I did not intend that my misfortunes should be publicly known. Illness overtook me in Portland, and by irregularities of the mails and accidents was cut off for a time from communication with my friends. My younger brother was with me, and I did not ask for assistance; but by accident my friends found me. I must ever remain grateful to them for timely and generous assistance; but they can bear me witness that I made no public complaint, and the charges made against Mr. Miller were not made with my knowledge. I was as much surprised to see them as any one. If, in five years of labour and complete isolation from my relatives and the world, I worked with him, and not even my nearest neighbour or dearest friend heard one complaint or murmur from my lips; if, through that long winter in Portland I sewed humbly day after day and night after night as long as I was able, passed the offices and residences of our mutual friends, who were leading and wealthy people, and chose rather to let my babes come upon the verge of starvation than to blemish his reputation by letting my circumstances be known, it is not likely that after the day of hope came, and all was over, I should publicly make known what I had tried so hard to conceal. As I said before, Mr. Miller felt that he had gifts of mind, and if his system of economy was rigid and hard to endure, it was, at least, a success; and if he needed all his money to carry out his plans I am satisfied that he thus used it. The bitter experience of the past cannot come again. My babes lived through all, and I am more than satisfied. I am grateful, and all is well. The absurd statement of the Eugene *Journal* that I had indignantly returned money that Mr. Miller sent me is incorrect; and his informers are as economical of truth as they are of affection for their own flesh and blood. It would be a sad time to show indignation towards a father when his babes were suffering for the necessaries of life. Joaquin Miller does not claim that he has ever sent a dollar to his children, or provided anything for them in any way from the time of his leaving Oregon until about two months ago, when he sent me 25 dols. He has sent 50 dols. to Mrs. B. Cooke for my little girl, and 25 dols. to my mother, who has the care of my younger children. He will doubtless make explanations which will be satisfactory to those interested when he returns. It is true that I had a home with my widowed mother, but the place was dreary and secluded, and there was not a church or school-house within fifty miles of my mother's home. So I did not deem it a proper place to educate my children, and I came away, bringing them with me, which was contrary to the decree of the court which gave the two elder children to the care of my mother. As I brought them away he was released by law from caring for them, and I have no reason to complain nor can anyone have justly. Two hundred dollars a year alimony was allowed, but it was not secured. Although there are many false sentiments in society in regard to these things, I beg the privilege of exercising my own judgment in regard to my duty towards the father of my children and my children. As we are both mortals, it would be affectation in me were I to profess to take upon myself all the blame, but I ask to bear my full share. The many who feel an interest in him are of more consequence than the few who know and love me, and henceforth I would have you deal only with him as a poet and author. Pronounce your judgment upon his books. Know him by his epic heroes. No mortal man can go beyond himself in any conception. When he attempts to he only strikes against the border of his imagination and rebounds further back, and when man attempts to image a god he takes a step back and puts upon the shoulders of his god wings which belong to a lower order of creation. Good sometimes comes of evil; the most deadly pistil exhales a delicate perfume, and our separation and sorrows produced the poems of 'Myrrh' and 'Even So.' If I am not to-day the shadowy, faded woman that might be expected, I beg pardon; and if, as a facetious editor writes, I must go 'down the stream of life alongside of Lady Byron, Mrs. Bulwer, and the obstreperous wife of the author of Boz,' let that be my punishment.—M. M. MILLER, Salem, Oregon, November 5, 1871."

THE FIRE AT CHICAGO.

THE following letter to an English friend describes the administration of the Chicago Relief Fund :—"Chicago, Nov. 20.—My dear C.,—The fact that I live in Chicago and am on the 'Relief Committee' is sufficient apology, I trust, for not sooner answering your sympathetic letter. If you could see our ruined city you would think we had need of all the kindness and aid that has been extended to us in our calamity. No pen can do justice to and no word adequately describe the devastation this fire has wrought. But everybody is busy and everybody hopeful. The first duty was to feed those hungry thousands, the next to give them shelter. The whole north side is being dotted with little frame houses, lined for warmth with a new kind of paper lining. Five thousand are already finished and provided with stoves and beds, and families in them. I drove over yesterday to carry relief to a lady who inhabits one of these huts, and noticed lace curtains up at some of the windows. The city is divided into districts, and every district has a depôt of supplies. To this depôt the people go and draw a week's rations, and also obtain clothing. For a better class of people, who would not go to these depôts, a special relief committee has been organised. This meets at the Church of the Messiah, and every other day I go down there from nine o'clock until three. There is a good deal of 'red tape' about our committee; but this seems necessary to prevent imposition; and yet it is hard for our best people to come under the rules. When I am at home the door bell rings from morning till night, and applicants come and go continually. Immediately after the fire I had two large boxes of clothes consigned to me from Washington, and we put them into our drawing-room, and distributed from them. They were, indeed, a God-send, as was also a check for 500 dols. a cousin sent me from Pittsburg, when everybody needed money and nobody could get any. I tell Cousin W. he will never know until he gets to heaven how much good he did. In our church we have a large quantity of supplies from St. Louis, which the ladies are distributing, and societies are organised all over the city to take care of the people. Going over to the Church of the Messiah is really hazardous, Mr. M. thinks, and what with the blinding dust and sand from teams carrying off the rubbish and the blocking up of the streets by drags and drays and waggons, the trip is anything but pleasant; still that is nothing to the heart-ache I daily experience in listening to the woes of our dear people, cast down but not dismayed. I lately called to see a lady who was keeping house in a basement '*étage*' with two chairs—all that was left of a handsomely-furnished dwelling—and yet she was cheerful. Even with tears our ladies will say, 'Oh! we will all come out right by and by.' Ah, me! many a brave life may go out before that 'by and by' will come.—Sincerely yours, K.M. P.S.—I must add another line to tell you how deeply our hearts have been touched by the noble generosity England has shown towards suffering Chicago.—K. M."

THE TIDAL TRAIN ACCIDENT.

A FEW facts with reference to this accident are given by a passenger, who writes :—"On Wednesday morning last I arrived at the Gare du Nord, Paris, intending to leave for London by the 7.40 train *viâ* Calais. I was just in time to catch the tidal train *viâ* Boulogne; and being informed that I should arrive an hour sooner in London by this train I took my ticket. I was seated, with my back to the engine, alone in a compartment of a first-class carriage, the second from the luggage van, tender, and engine, and I was in the act of reading though the morning was somewhat foggy, as we swept past, at about half-past 8 o'clock, the little station of Survilliers, Luzarches, Seine-et-Oise. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, came a crash like thunder, followed for a few seconds by a series of lumbering jolts, and then all was still as death. I was flung violently, head foremost, against the opposite seat, but was soon out through the window, the door being immovable, and dropped on my feet into the snow between the steep bank, along which we were running, and the rails, the left hand line from Paris. The scene which then presented itself was one never to be forgotten. Our engine battered, bruised, and forced from the rails, stood partly across the other metals, with its tender and baggage fourgon smashed, and a first-class carriage broken and upset, while against the embankment, along which we had been rushing, lay the cause of our disaster—another engine, tender, &c., reduced to a crushed and broken, black smoking mass, made still more striking and horrible by contrast with the snow upon which it lay. From amid this wreck now arose the groans and cries for help of the crushed and wounded driver and stoker. The only explanation vouchsafed was that the engine into which we ran was 'manœuvring' before us on the line, and rendered invisible by the fog. It is true some French gentlemen passengers told a sensational story, asserting that the two drivers were brothers at enmity with each other, and that our misfortune was the result of design, not accident or stupidity. During some five hours we were kept at this wretched station, without food or refreshment of any kind. The lady passengers and little children were especially to be pitied, left as they were without a word of comfort, explanation, or direction from any one on the part of the railway authorities. At length the passengers for Boulogne were, without luggage, or with such fragments as they could pick up, obliged to walk through the snow, past the scene of the accident of the morning, to a train at the other side, which took them to Creil, where the Calais train, also detained, carried them on to Calais. There the absurd passport farce was gone through twice in a quarter of an hour at the station, and again on going on board a wretched little steamer, which took the ground twice while steaming out of the harbour. Several passengers arrived in cabs from Ludgate-hill Station at Charing-cross Hotel between one and two o'clock on Thursday morning, while many remained at Calais and Dover, unable to proceed further."

BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS ON DOMESTIC TRAINING.

AT the annual meeting of the Whitelands Training Institution, a few days ago, an address was read which had been prepared by Lady Burdett Coutts. We make the following extracts:—"Originally these addresses were prepared with the object of directing special attention to the subject of needlework, which at that time was much neglected in national schools. But from the first I have laid great stress upon the knowledge of common things, and other points of household management, as matters which ought to form an important part of the instruction given in the training institution to those young women who were to be sent out as schoolmistresses of elementary schools. Although it might not be found practicable to teach these things in the ordinary national schools, yet in industrial institutions such instruction could be combined with the usual routine of education, and the managers of training schools have always been ready to take up and advocate the cause of industrial instruction and of needlework, and to adopt any measure that could be suggested as likely to give increased efficiency to these institutions. This it is which encouraged me to offer the suggestions which I have made from time to time with a view to promoting these objects. Since that period, by the direction of the Privy Council, needlework in girls' schools has occupied the important position which such a matter demanded for girls attending national schools, an importance which can hardly be exaggerated, as it bears so directly on the comfort and well-being of humble homes. I only wish that the children of the wealthier classes received the same amount of careful instruction upon this and similar subjects which affect equally the comfort and well-being of their own homes. It may not be necessary that the owner of an ample income should personally cut out her own dresses, or cook her own dinner, but she should, I think, whether as the wife, mother, or daughter of a family, be capable of directing as well as controlling her servants. Without this kind of knowledge there must be much waste and discomfort arising from incompetent and slovenly management. . . . . In the present position of education as regards religious instruction it seems to me that these are the two means of instruction upon which the children will mainly have to depend, and that they will apply all their faculties to understand this practical and vital instruction. Nothing will still the craving of the heart and mind for something more than mere reading, writing, and ciphering. The less this craving is satisfied by the instruction given in schools, the more readily will the child seek for a knowledge of good or evil from the daily life it witnesses. The example of parents and home influences are not always easily understood; yet a teacher can even here be very useful, if capable of acting discreetly, gently, and with kindly friendliness; and may possibly prevent evils which would otherwise arise through want of thought. A little friendly chat with the teacher may often cheer parents who, whilst really anxious for their children's welfare, must sometimes feel life's burden very heavy, and their responsibility as regards their children great. . . . The subject of the humane education of children towards animals is one which should largely enter both into the direct teaching in schools and the indirect teaching of children out of schools. I am not without great hopes that this subject may be very carefully considered by those who direct the government education of the country; and that on all grounds, both social as well as moral, much more definite information as to animals, their treatment, their structure, and their capabilities, may be given in the national school books; a large amount of valuable property is lost or injured for want of this information, and the sad and disgusting circumstances of cruelty revealed occasionally by the public journals, and seething around and about us, must give rise to considerations seriously affecting our social welfare, which from their importance cannot, I think, long be overlooked. . . . It is difficult to offer, in the present position of educational questions, observations calculated to be of material aid in your educational life amongst your children; your great comfort and support, whether in this, your first year of inexperience, or in later years, when your judgment will be riper and your experience gained, will be that with children, simplicity, honesty, and an intention to act justly and rightly towards them, if carried out with gentleness, will always win their confidence. It is not necessary to be very clever, but you must be true. Now, so to act under varying circumstances may not be always easy, but you have learnt in this institution where to seek knowledge, and that the Word of Life diligently studied giveth light and understanding to the simple. . . . To those amongst you actually undertaking schools I would say nothing can be more distressing or more frightful than the fashion which of late years has seemed to transform the young into the denizens of some outlandish country, rather than that of civilised Europe. Now, whatever you may be able to afford, I would most earnestly impress upon you the necessity of observing hereafter the same rules as to dress which you have observed here. You cannot know at once, and you may never probably know, what influence for good or for evil you may exercise, not on your school only, but on the neighbourhood in which you live. The neatness, simplicity, and decorum of your appearance may turn the footsteps of many a girl into a right path. You may, in your sphere, check an unfortunate habit, which is spread widely amongst you, of not seeming to brush the hair any more, or of wearing other people's. That this habit generates and carries many of the infectious disorders now so extraordinarily prevalent amongst us, and which baffle explanation, has long impressed itself upon my mind. A recent picture in the *Graphic* depicts for the first time a human hair market. What ideas such a name suggests! And when we think of the sick beds, whose occupants may furnish the head-dresses for others, I think it is impossible to doubt that many evils and dangers arise from this most extraordinary fashion. Besides this, the greater cheapness of articles of dress, the variety of really pretty though cheap articles of jewellery, offer many temptations to spend money for that which is called cheap, but which proves very dear in the end. It has occurred to me that if you carefully thought over this subject you might be inclined not only to lay down rules for your dress, but also for your expenditure, and that you might think it wise to decide to lay by quarterly some definite sum (which you will consider it a point of honour never to break into), and place it in some savings bank, so as to be a restraint on yourself and a guard over your own expenditure; the habit would soon be formed, and if once adopted would most likely never prove irksome."

THE CONDITION OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

A SOMEWHAT novel meeting was held at Brampton Bryan, Herefordshire, on Friday. The chairman was Mr. G. Dixon, M.P., and nearly all the speakers were agricultural labourers. In opening the meeting the Chairman said he had been invited there to hear what the men had to say in regard to their present position, and to see, if possible, what could be done to improve it. He called upon the men for a full and fair explanation of the grievances under which they believed they suffered. The first speaker was attired in a cleanly-washed smock-frock, and during his statement, twirled in his fingers a not very modern Jim Crow hat. He said the wages in the district (part of North Hereford and South Shropshire) were 9s., 10s., or 11s. per week, and the men wanted 15s. He combated the idea that the farm labourer was better off now than twenty years ago; if wages were higher, provisions were higher also. Other speakers pointed out that out of the 10s. per week 1s. had to go for rent; and where there was a family it took 5s. or 6s. for bread, leaving only 3s. or 4s. for all the other necessaries of life. Flesh meat, the men declared, they seldom, if ever taste; and one man said he had only had three pounds of butter in his house in twelve months. The master, it was declared, did not as a rule give their men milk for their families. At present the cottages are all in the hands of the farmer, who rents them to his labourers; and when a labourer leaves his "job," he has to leave his cottage also. The men all argued strongly in favour of being allowed "a little bit of land to keep a cow." One or two of the men had grievances of another character; earning 10s. a week, and having a family to support, they had "to pay 1s. a week to the Union to support their poor old parents, which they didn't care to do if the poor old folks got the benefit of it, but they didn't." This, one man declared, "was enough to make a fellow give up altogether, and not try to pay his way no more." Another was "puzzled how he got on at all, and when he went to bed at night he often wished he should wake up in the morning in America or somewhere where a man who liked to work hard could pay his way, and put something up for a rainy day." In default of any improvement at home, emigration seemed to be thought the natural remedy, and letters were read from emigrants who left the district a few years ago, and who are now in comparatively prosperous circumstances. Having heard the different speakers the chairman said he could not help thinking it would not only be kind, generous, and just, but wise also, on the part of the farmers and landlords, if they were to take the condition of the men into their consideration and try to improve it. He thought they had made out a strong case for increased wages and for sufficient land to keep a pig and a cow. He believed the real cause of all their grievances was the fact that there were too many of them upon the ground, and he agreed with them that the great remedy was emigration. Mr. John Bright, who had been looked upon as a very dangerous Radical, but who was now looked upon by the Conservative party as a very safe man, said if the farmers and landlords of England only knew what their true interests were, they would take care that the condition of the labourer was so much improved that he would not be tempted away by the pleasant prospects held out to him in America and our colonies. In that remark he thoroughly agreed. He did not for a moment hesitate to say that the farm labourers ought to be discontented. They would not be worthy of the name of Englishmen if they were not. He said that without hesitation, because he knew they would only seek to improve their position by legitimate means. He thought it was a disgrace to our civilisation that there should be such habitations in the country as those in which some labouring men lived. There was wealth enough in the country to provide decent and healthy cottages for all, and he wondered that any one could enjoy that wealth while he saw the condition in which some of the labouring classes were placed. In responding to a vote of thanks, Mr. Dixon promised liberal aid to a fund which it is proposed to raise to enable some of the men to emigrate.

THE contributions to various hospitals and charitable institutions, together with £1,000 to the St. Paul's Restoration Fund, amount, says the *London Mirror*, during the last week to upwards of £10,000.

THE rag-pickers of Paris, who, with their Diogenes lamp and classical *crochet* and *hotte*, sprinkle the streets of Paris at night, now number 20,000, who on an average return to their hovels 30,000 hod-baskets full of the 170 odd articles of the *chiffonnier's* tariff. Each of these is worth about 10d., so that every night gives a grand total of £1,200. Very few of these useful parasites were found in the ranks of the Commune; they had imbibed too much of the Diogenian philosophy for that.

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1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,564 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

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